

HERE WE REST

CLYDE BEARDEN

HERE
WE
REST



CLYDE BEARDEN, B.S., D.C.

Here
We
Rest



By
Clyde Bearden

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CLYDE BEARDEN

TO EVERYONE INTERESTED IN

HEALTH

FREEDOM

AND

HAPPINESS

HONESTY
IS
THE ONLY
POLICY

FRIENDS

WHO HAVE HELPED IN THE
PREPARATION OF THIS BOOK
ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO MEN-
TION, BUT TO EACH ONE OF
YOU MAY I SAY

THANK YOU!

The Alabamian's Creed

JUDGE WALTER BURGWIN JONES

I BELIEVE in the State of Alabama and the principles upon which its government is founded. I will strive to be a true and upright citizen, hating all that is base and loving all that is good. I believe it is my duty to defend my State against all enemies, to honor it, to obey its laws, and to do by my fellow citizens as I would have them do by me.

I look with pride upon the history which the sons of Alabama have written by their heroic deeds, and I will endeavor to live so that my State will be proud of me. I pledge myself this day and every day to serve Alabama, to help make it a nobler, purer and manlier State—a better commonwealth for the coming generations.

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IT HAPPENED IN
FRANKLIN COUNTY

MY FLASHLIGHT SLIT THE DARKNESS as Charlie Davis and I approached the sagging graveyard fence. The chain rattled a protest as we swung open the swaying gate and entered the resting place of the dead.

Having been there before, Mr. Davis led the way amid the silent tombs of the Sargents, Bowens, McColloughs, Hills, and a few unmarked mounds. Approaching a tall, leaning tombstone, my guide stopped and softly said, "I think this is it."

As we stooped to inspect the marble headstone, the surrounding quietness was broken by plodding footfalls, just east in Waco direction. The steps quickened, drew nearer, but passed on toward Russellville, leaving us undisturbed. Focusing the light on the epitaph, we read:

"Sacred to the memory of Harvey L. Gholson, son of Francis and Susan Gholson, was born on July 2, 1815, and was murdered on the 18th of January, in the year of our Lord, 1835, in the twentieth year of his age."

Typical pioneer thought expressed in old English style, I thought, lowering the light to the flourished lines below:

*"How short is life
How certain is death
How important is eternity"*

Silently, while Mr. Davis held the light, I noted this engraved information. Finishing, I put the notes in my pocket. My partner led the way through the tall grass toward the car parked beside the highway. As we closed the aged slat gate, I wondered if, according to some theologians, the spirit of young murdered Gholson still hovered over his premature grave.

As we rode back toward town, I reflected early days of Alabama statehood, days when the memories and influences of

Irish, Scotch and English ancestors were being forgotten. Though thoughts were constantly turning westward, the fading of Old World bonds blended into a new pattern in a new state and a new nation.

Times of newly-cleared plantations, tilled by Negro slaves; the period when the new America was recovering from the regrettable War of 1812; an age when the ideals of democracy—liberty, fraternity, and equality—were deeply taking root; an age when the beloved country doctor made his rounds with horse and buggy over rough roads, through rain and snow—often at night—doing all that the knowledge and skill of his day permitted for the unfortunate sick. There had been Dr. Harris, for instance, whose broad acres we had traveled over earlier in the evening . . . But now, a changing Franklin county and Alabama . . . !

Tonight's visit to the country graveyard climaxed a search for facts concerning gruesome events in Franklin County history. Just at dusk, Mr. Davis and I had arrived at Mr. Jurell Drake's home in quest of historic information about the murder of Harvey Gholson and the hanging of Lige Lollar, the Negro who killed him. Jim Drake, repeating my questions, started a flow of stored-up information from his aged, hard-hearing uncle.

"Gholson? Gholson?" he questioned his memory, looking thoughtful and concerned.

"Oh yes, sure," he said, raising his head and shifting his chair to a comfortable, leaning position, "that was the man from whom Lige Lollar stole the ten-dollar gold piece and killed."

"That's the one," I said, thrilled that I was talking to someone who knew first hand. "Mr. Davis here told me something about the affair and said you could tell me more." Jim repeated what I said to Mr. Drake and he repeated the following story:

"The nigger, it seems, took the gold piece from where it was supposed to be safe in the house and went up to Russell-

ville to spend it. Not being common for niggers to have ten dollars them days, the merchants were suspicious about how Lige come by the money. Not one of them would trade him a thing for it. Later, young Harvey upon coming to town, was informed about Lige having the ten-dollar gold piece. Harvey hunted the nigger up and took the money away from him, telling Lige that he would give the money back to him if it was really his. Lige agreed and left town with his young master, apparently on good terms with him, Harvey riding his horse and the nigger walking.

"While they were going down the hill this side of town, Lige fell behind, picked up two iron-ore rocks and put them in a basket he was carrying. Upon coming to a patch of woods on Harris' Lane, the young master fell victim to the cunning nigger's wrath. Lige hit Harvey in the back of the head with the rocks, dragged him off his horse and cut his throat.

"After Harvey did not show up at home, the law got on the trail. Soon the suspected nigger was found, arrested, and made confess the crime. He was hung near the scene of the murder on Harris' Lane. Some people think that either the big cherry tree or the oak on the left as you go back to town was the hang tree. But I think the tree has been cut down.

"Lige told at the trial that two other niggers helped in the killing, but just before he was hung admitted that he had been lying. However, the court had already convicted the two innocent niggers and they were hung also."

It was dark now and Mr. Davis had been holding my flashlight for me to take notes. As Mr. Drake finished the story we arose to go.

"Thanking you for all the interesting information, Mr. Drake," I said, moving down the rock walk toward the car.

"Glad to have you fellers," Mr. Drake assured us, "and be coming back again."

Mr. Jim Drake pointed out a short-cut through Drake's Lane to the highway, saying that Dr. Gresham had been that

way just recently. We wound our way across one creek, a narrow bridge, through fence gaps and down the narrow, bush-lined lane to the blacktop road leading to the graveyard.

Today, the hanging of Lige Lollar on Harris' Lane is an important memory to "Uncle" Fletcher Sugg, aged, rheumatic Negro of Russellville. He says the event was still news when he was a young man. Now it is almost forgotten history of the Village Farms and Franklin County.

Tom Lawler, retired taxi driver of Russellville, tells of the history-making hanging of Dave Duncan, Negro, who killed Rufus Wilson with a brick in a saloon. For years, Mr. Lawler said, the death-dealing rope swung from the black-jack oak near Belgreen that proved to be the Negro's cross. Mr. Lawler also tells of a Mr. Britton who was hung for killing another white man, a Mr. Rickard, back in the days of "an eye for an eye" and "your neck for a life."

Vivid memories of Henry Ligen, elderly Negro of near Russellville, recalls the lynching of L. Hudson and Jeff Densmore. Evidence indicated that they burned the Drake Hotel, property of Mr. Jim Drake's relatives, and, incidently, a large part of early Russellville. Taking the law into their own hands, a small band of white men took charge of the two buck Negroes—resolved upon revenge. They were escorted to the top of Hangman's Hill just east of Russellville where preparations had been made for them to swing. Here, beside the Moulton Road, the two terror-filled black men met their doom at two o'clock one spring morning in 1891.

Details of this lynching are still shrouded in mystery. Either Bob Malone or Claud Kellen was supposed to have knotted the noose. It seems that Bill Lacky led either John Hamby's black mule or Charley Spark's grey mare from under the hapless blacks, leaving them to swing from the limb of an oak. Henry Ligen says that their bodies were full of holes where they had been shot while swinging in the chilly breeze.

Mr. Zee Middleton informed me that the Negroes hung beside the road until afternoon—just examples for others to look upon. Mr. Middleton refused to take part in the lynching, telling those who came after him that the law of the land could see that justice was done.

Colonel Huldry King cut the Negroes down, Mr. Middleton said. Their stiff legs caused them to jump about when they hit the ground. Colonel King is reported to have advised the dead Negroes, "Be still, damn you, or I'll hang you again."

Fortunately, lynchings have gone out of style. Unfortunately, crime has not. The social and scientific world is experimenting in an effort to find a specific for the correction of the cause of crime. Among the many suggestions offered have been "surety of punishment rather than severity," and "look well into the abnormal physical and mental side of the offenders."

This, in addition to the expert advice, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," would be an effective means of attaining an ideal community and a peaceful world.

I HAIL FROM WINSTON

"*I* HAVE ONE REGRET," A FRANKLIN County friend said to me not long ago."

"May I ask what that is?" I asked.

"That I wasn't born and reared in the 'Free State' of Winston," she replied.

"Too bad you couldn't select the place of your birth," I sympathized, "but just why do you regret that you don't hail from our fair 'Free State'?"

"Because everyone I meet from Winston is so friendly, and there's just something about Winstonites that makes them different."

"Thank you; desirably different I hope?"

"By all means."

"Franklin County folks must possess some magnetic qualities, judging from the number of doctors who have located here, and a goodly number of them from Winston!"

* * *

This same thought was revived a few days later while I was visiting with the boys in Mr. Sneed's blacksmith shop.

"Aren't you from Winston?" someone ask me.

"Yes," I replied.

"There's a lot of you fellows from Winston up here— there are you, Dr. Blake, Dr. Burns, Dr. Bonds, Dr. Snoddy, and maybe more, I don't know."

"Winston turns out some mighty good men," I boasted.

"Wish she'd sent some of them up here," came the retort.

"Perhaps you were just waiting for me," I suggested. "I've been here long enough to know that you need some more good men."

"Oh, well, send them along, we can take 'em," came the hearty response.

My first introduction to an audience in Franklin County was at Rockwood by a former high schoolmate from Double Springs. This well-known merchant of Phil Campbell was toastmaster at a school supper and social. He introduced me as a 'tater stealing, 'possum huntin' fellow Winstonite. I followed a number of candidates who were bidding for votes, consequently, confined my remarks to complimenting the good supper and remarking about the importance of high-quality school work. Since then, some of my most loyal friends have been residents of Rockwood.

A few weeks after the Rockwood social, I was visiting a most loyal friend at a near-by mining camp. He had invited some of the neighbors in, and among them was a lady who was unusually friendly. She asked me where I was from. To our surprise, we had grown up within a few miles of each other in Winston County. Going to Double Springs, to the annual singings at Shady Grove, and visiting people we both knew were some of the topics of discussion which followed.

Our host said there was only one other place he knew of where the people were as clever as they are in Winston, Wayne County, Tennessee. "There," he said, "you meet the meanest people in the world and the best folks in the world—only I've been lucky enough to meet only the good people from Winston," he concluded.

He had not taught school at Ashridge as had a young man from Double Springs. This young fellow, a graduate of Winston County High School, had charge of the community's educational functions for two weeks and gave up the job. He told the folks back home that if he went to the dark regions below when he died that he would have something on the devil. "I'll tell him that I've been to his place once."

No doubt, this young hoosier schoolmaster ran into "some of those meanest folks in the world". However, the tough boys

from Ashridge reformed, attended high school at Double Springs and made football history for dear old Winston High.

One of my uncles while attending college at Florence was asked to bring something to class representative of his county. He took a large whiskey bottle.

Some high school students from Addison while on a school picnic at the Tri-Cities saw Negroes for the first time.

During the presidential campaign, a doctor's daughter said to me, "I know you're for Willkie because you're from Winston."

Though Winston is Republican, has few Negroes, got the nickname of "Free State" because of seceding from the Confederacy during the Civil War, and has a majority of citizens who are more Anglo-Saxon than the English themselves, it is southern " for 'aw' that."

Though I have been located in Russellville about two years, I am just beginning to pay fewer week-end visits to Winston.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

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MODERN GOOD SAMARITAN

(A Little Fiction—Bigger Facts)

I BRUSHED THE SNOW FROM MY coat, adjusted my tie, and rang the door bell. No one answered and I pressed the button again. Wondering if I had failed to follow the friendly cop's directions, I shivered and waited. Again I rang the bell. This time a short stout lady approached through the dimly-lighted hallway and slowly opened the door.

"Good evening," I said familiarly; "this is where Brother Cantrell lives, isn't it?"

"Yes, but he is at prayer meeting just now. Is there anything I can do for you?" the minister's wife asked pleasantly.

"Well, it's a rather personal matter, I—I—,"

"Oh! I see," she saved my embarrassment laughingly. "Won't you come in and wait for my husband? He'll be back soon."

"Thank you, I will."

"It was too cold for me and the children to venture out to services tonight," she explained, closing the door.

"The weather is very bad to be out in," I agreed.

"I suppose you are a member of our church?" she inquired, "but I don't seem to remember you."

"Yes, I am. I came by to discuss our Christian cooperative plan with you and Brother Cantrell."

"Surely," she beamed, still looking inquiringly at me.

"Mrs. Cantrell, I'm a college student a thousand miles from home, walking. I would like to work for a place to spend the night."

The smile faded from her matronly face. "Why y-you?" she stammered, scanning my neat appearance.

"Yes, bad luck happens to the best of us, you know."

"W-why, I—I never suspected! I—I mean—I'm sorry,"

Mrs. Cantrell said, regaining control of her voice, "but I don't know of anyone who can help you."

"I felt sure that some member of our church would be glad to share some work and shelter with me," I persisted. "Looks as if there would be plenty of snow to shovel by morning."

"Yes, perhaps there will be some snow-shoveling to do. Have you tried the Y. M. C. A. down the street?"

"No, I came to my own church people first. Perhaps Brother Cantrell can make some suggestion when he returns?"

"I'm sure he can not. He's very busy with his church work just now. I'm sorry, but we can do nothing for you—the people of Ashtubula have troubles of their own."

The woman's gaze shifted to the floor as I focused my pleading eyes upon her stone-like face. Silently I turned, opened the door, closed it behind me and departed from the parsonage.

Several minutes later I approached a smiling young man behind the Y. M. C. A. office desk.

"Kinda cold outside, isn't it?" he greeted me, pulling his blue coat sleeves down to his broad white hands.

"Y-yes, this ten-below is a little hard on traveling men," I replied, trying to suppress a shudder.

"You bet!" he agreed. "Want a room I suppose?"

"Yes. What are your membership rates?" I asked, presenting my card.

"One dollar," he replied, politely opening the register.

Picking up the pen, I paused and looked the young fellow in the eyes. "Will you do me a favor?"

"You bet, if I can! What is it?" he inquired eagerly.

"Let me work for the dollar?"

"W-why, t-that's an unusual request—I—I really don't know."

"Could you find out for me?"

"Sure. I'll ask the manager—maybe he will do it!"

Hurriedly, my would-be benefactor turned in search of someone in the adjoining room. In a short time he returned with an older business-looking man.

"Too bad, pard," flatly stated the manager, rubbing his bald head, "but we haven't anything for you to do."

"Then, haven't you a corner in which I could sit the night through. Just anywhere! I could stay by the furnace or behind the curtain in the hallway there."

"Can't let you do it."

"Why?"

"Just can't."

"Doesn't being a member of the 'Y' make any difference?"

"This is a place of business."

"True enough! And may I congratulate you upon the slogan in operation here?"

"How's that?"

"'Safety before Service'."

The manager's face flushed. He leaned on one elbow and tapped the desk with his fingers but made no reply.

"Do you know where I could stay?"

"I've heard that transients sleep at the police station."

"I wanted to bury my fist in the manager's overhanging waist line but instead calmly asked, 'Where is the police station?'"

"Two blocks east to the car line, then follow the car tracks about twenty-five blocks south."

That's the way I've just come from the minister's home, I thought, but to the Y. M. C. A. official I said, "That's a long way to walk in a snowstorm."

"Not if you want a place to sleep," the manager replied in parting tones.

"Thank you for the kind information," I said, turning to go. Receiving no answer, I walked through the cozy, well-furnished

lobby, pulled my hat down over my eyes and stepped out into the swirling, blinding snow.

The snow-laden wind was colder than ever. At one moment it would beat at my back, then almost instantly would whip around and slash like icy fingers in my face. Half blinded, growing numb with cold, I trudged along, following the car tracks.

One block. Two blocks. Three blocks. They seemed awfully long . . . Four blocks—and there were twenty-one more of them. I gritted my teeth, pulled my coat closer around myself, dug my hands deeper into my pockets and plodded mechanically on.

To the police station, I said to myself over and over . . . To the police station to get out of this Ohio snowstorm . . . Five blocks gone by; six coming up! My feet began to feel like dragging chunks of lead. Forging ahead, I tried to think of something more pleasant.

How were the folks in Alabama, I wondered. But remembering happier days in the sunny South made the cold seem more bitter than ever. With an effort I shifted my thoughts again.

* * *

Only that morning I had left the home of a former college-mate in Buffalo amid enticing offers to visit longer—more trips to Niagara Falls and Canada, picture shows, a barge trip on the Erie Canal, spending money, and a home as long as I cared to stay. But I wanted to go back to college the second semester, and now I was on my way. The doctor said for me to rest my eyes a year from research work after I had measles, but I thought half a year long enough—in fact, too long! Dad and Mother thought I was merely seeing the world to supplement my education. Yet, incidentally, how true!

Suddenly, I heard familiar music. Or did I? I glanced around, realizing that I had forgotten to count the blocks. To my left was a row of silent houses with lights flickering through

their snowy windows. Again I heard the music, this time blended with voices. Glancing to the right, I recognized a church—next door to the minister's home—and from it was coming the familiar strains of the "Doxology".

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," drifted to me as a blend of pipe-organ music and melody of human voices.

What devoted people, I thought, to meet on a night like this to worship and sing hymns of praise!

"Praise Him all creatures here below,—"

I believed that I could do a better job of praising if I were warm and comfortable. Why not enter the inviting atmosphere of the church and join the folks in their service?

"Praise Him, ye heavenly hosts—"

I turned and walked toward the huge brick church.

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," vibrated clearly as I mounted the steps and a prolonged, melodious "A-men" ended the hymn.

A reverent male voice stayed my hand on the door knob. "And now may the saving grace and the peace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, rest and abide with you now, henceforth, and forever. Amen."

The door knob turned and someone quickly opened the door. "Well, brother Roscoe, so you're getting here in time to miss the benediction," a middle-aged, smartly-dressed man said teasingly, reaching to shake hands. "Gee! your hand is cold as a frog. Come in and get warm before going back." He pulled me inside and closed the door.

The obliging gentleman took my coat and shook the snow from it. "How in the world do you happen to be out walking on a night like this?" he asked in scolding tones.

I removed my hat and was brushing the snow from my collar when he turned toward me again.

"Say, hello here, you aren't brother Roscoe!" my well-meaning friend exclaimed. "And I don't know you at all!"

"B-Braun's m-my n-n-name," I managed to say through chattering teeth.

"Another member of the 'busy-B' group," he smiled. "I'm Dr. Boswell. Now come over here to this radiator and gradually thaw out," the doctor advised, leading me toward the steaming iron sections.

"F-feels m-mighty good," I chattered.

"Yeah, and after this take care that those ears, feet and hands don't get frost bitten . . . I've got to hurry along now and keep an appointment." With a hearty handclasp the genial doctor hurried away.

Other members of the small congregation cast glances in my direction as they passed out. A tall greying man, perhaps in his late thirties, made his way toward me. "Glad to have you with us tonight, young man," he greeted me with outstretched hand. "I don't believe you attend our services regularly?"

"This is my first," I informed him.

"Are you acquainted with Dr. Boswell? I believe I noticed you talking with him a few minutes ago?"

"I met Dr. Boswell tonight."

"Did he tell you about the drive to finish paying for the new heating system in our church?"

"No, he didn't mention it."

"We would greatly appreciate any contribution you might make," my new acquaintance smilingly suggested.

"I wish I were in position to contribute," I said in all sincerity.

"Sure," the smiling gentleman agreed hastily. "What is your name and address? I'll be glad to call on you when you are more favorably situated."

"J. B. Braun," I informed him.

As he quickly searched his pockets for a pencil and paper, the Negro janitor put in his appearance, waiting at a respectable distance.

HERE WE REST

"And the address?" he asked, noting my name on an envelope.

"Any place I happen to be."

My questioner's half-open mouth looked as if it had been frozen in an awe-stricken moment. "Oh, I see," he said aimlessly, putting his pencil and envelope into his inside coat pocket. "Are you getting warm?"

"I must be; my hands and face are aching and throbbing as if they were coming back to life."

He laughed half-heartedly. "Jim, you better stay on duty a few minutes longer. This young fellow will be warm soon, then you can lock up as usual."

"Yas, suh," replied Jim.

"The family will be wondering what's keeping me," the church-brother said, moving toward the door.

"Are you Brother Cantrell, pastor of the church?" I called after him.

"Er, yes," he admitted, pausing with his hand on the door.

"Do you realize the position that I'm in?"

"Well, I-er—I'm not so sure th-that I do."

"I have no place to spend the night."

"Th-that's unfortunate, I—I'm sure."

"You bet your life it is! I was wondering if you would help me out some way?"

"Well, I—I don't know how it would be."

"The church will be empty, won't it?"

"Y-yes, I—I suppose so," he admitted.

"Then, why not let me stay in here where it's warm?"

"Th-that's a very unusual request; I'm afraid I can't grant it. You understand, of course, that I haven't the final word. The church officials are very particular about the building."

"Right that they are . . . Could you get them together and put my proposition up to them?"

"Listen, young fellow, I don't mind doing anything reasonable—"

"Then, you don't think that I'm qualified to sleep on your church floor? I'm no vandal. I'm a Christian and a citizen of the United States—"

"Oh, I'm sure you're all right, but it's on the general principle, rules—"

"I wouldn't want to be the cause of your breaking a principle."

"Ah, yes!" the minister's face brightened on saying, "I should have thought of it before. I'm sure you can sleep at the police station five or six blocks down the street. Just tell the keeper that I sent you."

"Thank you very much."

The minister opened the door and hurried out.

"Boy, Ah knows jist how yuh feels," the sympathetic Negro began. "Ah wush yuh could stay heah all night, but de boss say 'no'. Yuh could stay heah a while longer, but hit'll soon be closin' time down tuh de p'lice station, an' hit's a right smart piece down dhere."

"About how far?"

"More 'n de preacher say; 'bout eight or ten blocks Ah reckons. But yuh can't miss hit; hit's a two-story brick buildin' right at de end uv de street."

I put on my hat and coat and moved toward the door.

"I surely appreciate your kindness," I assured the Negro.

"Dat's alright. Ah wushes Ah could do mo' fuh yuh, an' Ah wushes yuh de best uv luck."

"Thank you, and good night."

"Good night, suh." And my Negro friend closed the church door behind me.

The wind was less severe, but the snow had drifted until it was over my shoe-tops. However, I was rested and warm and

made rapid progress toward my goal—the police station. Soon it loomed in the snowy lightness at the end of the street.

"I should look like the other fellows who will probably be there," I remarked to myself. I pulled off my scarf and tie and put them in my inside coat pocket. Then, wrinkling my collar, I walked up to the heavy front door and rapped loudly. The door opened a few inches and a small elderly man said kindly, "Come in."

The keeper closed the door, locked it and turned with an inquiring look toward me.

"Came by to spend the night with us, did you, son?" the little stoop-shouldered man inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever been here before?"

"No, sir."

"Are you from the South?"

"Originally, yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"J. B. Braun."

"Do you have a knife or gun on you?"

This was the first time in my life I had been asked that question, and, in spite of the situation, I laughed and said, "No I haven't."

"Well, son, you look like an honest boy," he smiled back at me, "I'll take your word for it."

"Thank you."

"Now, if you will step this way," my host invited—

He quietly opened a narrow steel door into a larger room and motioned for me to enter. Not a bed or piece of furniture graced the transient apartment. A dim light revealed a large hot stove toward the east end of the room. Near the stove was a pile of coal and five fellow-roomers. One tall man in a baggy overcoat stood with bowed head, rubbing his hands by the wel-

come heat of the stove and mumbling to himself. Thinly-spread newspapers separated two snoring figures from a littered floor. Two other scantily-dressed men sat on large lumps of coal, unconsciously supporting each other in their slumped position, their mouths half open in awkward slumber.

"We haven't much to offer our guests here," the soft voice of the old man startled me back to reality, "but," he added with a sober smile, "'Such as we have we share with thee'."

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THE MYSTERY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

(More Facts than Fiction)

"DYNAMO" JIM WHISTLED "DIXIE" AS he rolled up his unionall sleeves over huge brown arms in preparation for the day's work. And why shouldn't he whistle? He had been working all spring and summer at good wages, and his job was apparently for all time with the Tennessee Valley Authority. Too, he was satisfied with his job, his quality of work, and his big burly self. Taking a round, half-gallon can from a shelf by the door, Jim strode through the big engine room, oiling power machinery.

Suddenly, the telephone at the office desk rang with a sharpness that snapped Jim to attention. "Hasn't rung like that for days," he reflected, hurrying over to answer the call.

"Union Power Company," he drawled pleasantly. But his voice had changed to uneasy tones when he spoke again.

"B-But, Mayor, I—I don't u-understand! I d-don't know why the lights are dimmed and the machinery isn't getting enough power to do its work. Everything is running perfectly here in the power plant."

The receiver buzzed sharply.

"All right, Mayor. I'm sorry the town is having so much trouble, but I'll find out the cause of all this and correct it," Jim replied assuredly, and receivers clicked.

"Doggone the luck!" muttered Jim, "I don't know what's the matter or what in the world to do, but it's a cinch that I've gotta do somethin' in a hurry," Jim announced, forgetting his better grammar in the flurry.

Suddenly he ceased scratching his head, snapped his fingers and made a dive for the tool chest.

"Boy, I've got it!" he exclaimed loudly. "Good thing I remembered what that college text said. 'Screw the governors

up to make 'er run faster,' it read. That's what she needs, a little stimulation."

The dynamo man brought out a wrench and started looking for the governors.

"This looks like the picture in the book," and he started altering something. "Yes, there she is, watch'er speed up!"

Two minutes later the phone rang. Reluctantly, Jim left the speeded-up power machinery to answer.

"Union Power Comp'ny," he answered uneasily.

A mumbling buzz came from the receiver.

"I—I d-don't know what could ail your factory, Mr. Smith: I've just speeded up the power unit, you ought to be getting plenty of 'juice' now. But I'll give her another shot and see what that does."

Jim left the telephone and again increased the speed of the generators. And again the phone rang. His hand trembled as he placed the receiver to his ear.

"S-sorry y—you're still having trouble," sympathized Jim. "I've done everything here I know to do."

"Are there any governors we could speed up or slow down?"

Jim's face was serious as he listened.

"Don't think it would work, eh? Well, it didn't work here either; guess we better try something else. I'll run over and see what can be done at that end of the line."

Jim slammed the telephone on the desk, sat down and rested his chin in his hands.

"Couldn't be the presidential campaign troubles, that's too far gone," he reflected. "Surely wouldn't be a Hallowe'en trick or a Christmas joke," he continued, searching his brain for the causative factor. "Not likely its 'fifth column' activity since this is only a small branch line of the larger T.V.A. units, and they're guarding them like nobody's business . . . Can't be the 'sending' end because the unit surely is putting out the current! Wonder if it could be the 'receiving' end out of commission?"

Jim was silent a moment as he listened to the hum of racing machinery.

"I've got it!" he shouted, pounding his fists on the desk. He jumped up and ran across the room to the tool chest, taking out a small drill while explaining the solution of his troubles.

"Of course there's the electric current here that even my college instructors admit that they know little about—maybe some day somebody will be able to explain how it works—but the machinery of the thing anybody ought to understand. And since nobody else seems to know the 'How' and 'Why' of electricity, I suppose I might as well try my guess as to what will correct the cause of all this trouble in the electrical devices. I'm going to do a little experimenting in treatments. I figure it this way—pour gas and oil in this end and the machinery clicks, why wouldn't the same thing work at the other end of the line if the current is getting through? But perhaps lighter grades would be better."

Soberly, Jim pushed his white cap toward the back of his head. Suddenly, his face lit up.

"Boy, howdy, I've got it! I'll have that shoe factory running in no time."

He next placed a small oxygen tank and a roll of tape beside the drill on the desk. Grabbing this equipment, he jumped in the company truck and made a dash for home. Hurriedly scanning the medicine closet, he took out a small bundle of red flannel rags and a jar of 'possum grease his grandmother had so obligingly rendered. Now, fully equipped, he drove full speed to the scene of sickness.

"I'll fix the lights first," Jim announced to the manager who met him at the front door.

"You may begin in my office there; I'll send the janitor around to help you." And the business man moved on through his idle plant.

First, Jim spread a film of penetating 'possum grease over the dimmed bulbs, wrapping each with a red flannel rag. Wait-

ing a few seconds without results, he picked up his drill and zipped a hole at the base of a globe. Before he could administer the reviving oxygen, the feeble glow from the first operated-on bulb went out. Knowing that one example does not prove anything to the scientist, Jim tried another and another with the same sad experience. As he feverishly worked, the paralyzed electric motors slowed to a stop.

"Reckon sumthin' could'uv went wrong with th' dynamo?" asked the colored janitor who put in his appearance just then.

"Doggone the luck! It'ud be about like it to happen now; guess I better run up and see."

Jim dropped everything, made a dash for the truck and broke the speed limit getting back to the power plant. The unpleasant odor of overheated machinery greeted his nostrils. Bearings were slapping noisily and wheels were turning slowly. Jim stood in the door and stared blankly at the dynamo as it ground to a stop.

"Doggone the luck," mourned bereaved "Dynamo" Jim as he paced the engine-room floor. Soon he stopped and spoke to his dead machine. "Old gal, you've done your work—you're through—but it isn't your fault. Something is wrong that I don't understand. To have you quit on me like this is like having one of your best friends shove off."

Jim's lips trembled and his voice quivered as he spoke again to the machinery he loved.

"I'll talk your case over with 'Doc.' He knows more names for ailments than anybody in town, and perhaps he would know something to tell me that would prevent this happening again."

Pulling his cap over his eyes, the worried young man started to the office of his doctor friend.

"Doc," he began, sinking into an easy chair in front of the doctor, "what do you do for patients who get sick and just about pass on to 'The Country Beyond'?"

"Ain't sick are ya, Jim?" asked the bay-windowed doctor, brushing a fly from his bald head.

"No, I'm not, I was just wondering about other folks. What do you do for them?"

"It depends upon what's wrong with the patient as to what I do for him or to him."

"Yes, but just speaking generally, what do you do?"

When the doctor spoke again his usually loud voice had lost some of its importance.

"Confidentially, Jim, I have to do a lot of experimenting. What we thought was the right thing to do for years, too often proved to be wrong at the cost of someone's life. If you didn't know more about what's wrong with your machinery than I do about the cause of a lot of diseases you wouldn't have a job long. That's a big confession, Jim, but it's sadly true. The leaders in health thinking, bacteriologists and neurologists, have found out that most so-called germs are beneficial, not the primary cause of disease. Of course I don't tell everybody that; people wouldn't believe me. They have been misled so long that it's hard to unlearn something that isn't so."

"So there are ignorant doctors as well as mechanics?" Jim asked in wide-eyed astonishment. "I thought by all the big words they use that doctors knew more than anybody else."

"Yes, it's too true, Jim, that a lot of medical students go to college instead of getting an education. Their innocent patients years later have to pay the price. But pathetic as that is, a more sorrowful situation exists for the active brains of the profession."

"But what could be worse?" queried interested Jim.

"Though medicine is about five thousand years old," the doctor continued, "there are few specifics yet. There are too many exceptions to the rule. When we find what we think is a sure cure for some disease, our calculations are upset when we find after months of experimenting that the product produces more complications than it cures."

"Yes, but Doc, you have to do something to your patients even if you don't know exactly what to do, don't you?"

"Sure, and most doctors are honest in their efforts, but a lot of them are just as honest in their doubts as to their treatment being the right one."

Jim dropped his head in thoughtful silence. The doctor continued.

"If I hadn't known you and your folks so long, Jim, I wouldn't be telling you all this, but you've got something on your mind. You've been thinking pretty deep about this matter. You've got a problem to solve and you need all the facts you can get to arrive at the right conclusion. That's why I'm forced to be frankly honest with you."

"I expected you to be honest, Doc, but I didn't expect you to uncover your whole practice. But now that we're on the subject, what about all the big medical schools and hospitals that the people pay for? Don't they know what they are doing there either?"

"Don't get me wrong, these institutions have their place. Few people know it, but many are secretly delving into entirely new angles of the study of disease. But again being frankly honest, post mortem examinations at our leading medical schools and hospitals, where they have every scientific instrument for diagnosis, prove that the disease had been given a wrong name in about half the cases."

"How could they give the right treatment if they don't know more than half time what's wrong with the patient?"

"That's why they have a chance to operate on so many dead patients," the doctor confessed sadly.

"Gee! Doc, I didn't know the professional world was so costly ignorant."

"But there is a lot known, Jim, the doctor said in a little more cheerful tones. "Take for instance the field of chemistry—this is a fairly exact science. Medicine endeavors to substitute or duplicate the chemical activities of the body. We go on the theory that everything is chemistry."

"But where does the germ theory of disease come in if everything is chemistry?"

Doc cleared his throat as if admitting "This is a tough one".

"Reminds me of a discussion by a bacteriologist I read recently," the doctor said calmly. "Those fellows pioneer in the field, do all the brain work, and we doctors do all the advertising about their discoveries. Well, this particular researcher explained your question something like this:

"He implied that if germs were the primary cause of disease that there wouldn't be anybody left to tell it, pointing out that pneumococci, the germs supposed to cause pneumonia, were not present in many cases until pneumonia was fully developed. He also cited cases in which typhoid bacilli were not present in cases of typhoid at first symptoms, and that Klebs-Löffler bacilli were very late in appearing in cases of diphtheria.

"Not being fully satisfied with several cases of sick people, this group of researchers experimented with well folks. A number of people offered themselves at the risk of the supposed deadly organisms. They swallowed millions of germs that are supposed to cause pneumonia, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and other so-called germ diseases, and not a single one had the slightest symptoms from the experiment.

"Another thing this authority pointed out was the well-known fact that everyone has the germs of tuberculosis in his lungs. Then he raises the question, 'Why don't all of us have tuberculosis?' He answers the question by the suggestion that T. B. germs only feed on dead tissue, and that if the lungs are normal and healthy that there will not be so many nice meals there for them to feed and multiply on."

"But why should there be so much T. B. germ food in some people's lungs and not in others?"

"A very logical question, Jim, and deserves a better answer than I am prepared at this moment to give. However, for some reason or other those who develop T. B. just don't have the fighting resistance to throw the disease off. Why some have it and

others don't is usually explained as just 'natural immunity', which to the scientist is no explanation at all because it doesn't answer the all-important question of 'why?'."

"I still don't see where chemistry enters the picture in these so-called germ diseases," insisted Jim.

"Come to think of it, guess I hadn't considered that part very seriously either, but I figure it's something like this—there's a lot of necrotic, that is, dead or dying, tissue cells which are a big mess within themselves. The little organisms have a big picnic over all the eats, perhaps taking air from the already starving lungs, causing a more serious condition than ever. Or in the case of typhoid or diphtheria as well as other diseases, a poisonous condition may develop which only adds to the weakened condition. All this, you see, would have a decided chemical effect upon the body."

"Yes, I see the chemistry side of it, but if germs are scavengers looks as if they have as much chance to do good as they have to do harm."

"Might be something to that," the doctor admitted, "but to me the chemical side of everything is very interesting. Take our own bodies, for instance; there you find the most wonderful chemical laboratory in the world. Every chemical and mechanical principle known, and no doubt many that are not known, we can find demonstrated very close to home, inside us. When all the things that go on in our bodies are understood, doctors will be saved many hours worrying as to whether they did the right thing or not. I venture to say that such knowledge will completely change the thinking of the scientific world."

"What do you think about the electricity in our bodies, Doc? You know, we were taught in electrical engineering that in the last analysis everything is electricity, even the important chemistry you place so much stress upon."

"Yes, I know. And those who have made a special study of the electrical phenomena of living plants and animals tell us that there is a definite electric energy in all living things. Yet,

it is so hard to measure and understand that we just classify it as belonging to the subconscious working parts of the body and let it go at that."

"But I've always maintained that some day someone would be able to explain electricity. If that can be done, why can't some smart doctor explain this special kind of electricity in the living human body?"

"Guess we'll have to leave that field to you younger boys, I'm afraid it's a bit too deep for me," confessed the doctor. "At my age, I better stick to the chemistry. I can dish out pills and write Latin prescriptions better than figure out this human electrical problem."

"Okay, Doc, but you haven't told me yet what you do to and for your patients."

"Well, as I've already suggested, the theory of medicine is that disease is caused by an unbalance of chemicals in the body. These upset conditions either cause some parts to work too fast or too slow. To offset this condition, we give something to 'paralyze the stimulant' or to 'stimulate the paralysis.' The most common way, as you know, is giving medicine that doesn't taste good."

"That's another thing I've studied about," Jim butted in, "why we were given all our special senses to warn us when something didn't smell right, look fit, or taste good, and here you doctors come along and pretend to know better than the Creator who made us."

"You might have something there," Doc laughed, "but to finish about what I do for my patients. I give shots in the arm, leg, and sometimes other places, to paralyze the nerves carrying sensations to the brain."

"But isn't that against Nature?"

"Perhaps it is, but the patient wants ease."

"Looks like he would want to get well."

"He does, but most of us have been petted and pampered so much that we want everything the easy way, and temporary ease for the patient means easy money for the doctor."

"Would you call that curing the cause or covering up the trouble?"

"Well, Jim, there's a lot of psychology in this doctoring business. I've given shots of sterile water and doses of baking soda many times and collected five dollars for it."

"Pretty expensive soda water, eh, Doc?"

"True enough, but you know I've got a daughter in college."

"Sounds like a Jesse James story."

"Well, Jim, folks aren't like they used to be, and you've got to change tactics to fit changing times."

"Yeah, looks like this soft social world has more false pride and puffed-up feelings than it has backbone, sense, and honesty."

"Guess you're right, Jim, but you can't be too hard on people; they really want to do the right thing, but as you suggest, their pride and feelings often keep them from doing it."

"Don't you suppose, Doc, that's why this old world is two thousand years behind schedule?"

"Yes, I think that pride and procrastination are two big thieves of progress and time."

"But getting back to chemistry; how does it play a part in major operations outside of the sterilizing factor?"

"For reasons not well understood, many times certain organs or other working parts of the body lose their normal functioning ability. We are so made up that if one part is out of order all the body is affected. With one part not performing its whole duty, there is a mechanical as well as chemical congestion at that particular point. From here poisons accumulate and spread all over the body. The offending part can be removed by surgery, thus restoring the body as nearly as possible to a chemical balance again."

"But what causes the upset chemical condition in the first place? Don't you suppose that being mechanically or electrically out of balance could produce the chemically congested condition?"

"You insist on bringing the electricity in, don't you? I wouldn't be surprised if there isn't a big field there for some

young doctor, perhaps lots of doctors. The chief electrician at the New York's World Fair last year said that if the electricity of the human body were understood that it would revolutionize the electrical world."

"Yes, I remember reading that; and Doc, you said a minute ago that if the chemistry of our bodies were thoroughly understood that it would change medical procedure a great deal. And if much were known about human electrical energy I bet it would change the treating of human diseases a big site more! Do you know, Doc, if there's a school where they teach anything of the kind?"

"Yes, it's along that line that so much research work is being done in a great number of schools. From some of the latest reports, it seems that brain power and nerve energy are the chief studies in many experiments. Nerve energy, it appears, can be measured in electrical terms. One author has pointed out that the study of the human nervous system occupies more consideration than all other studies of the body combined. Too, according to medical reports of this year, there are over 700 diseases listed as being caused by nerve blocking, or nerve interference as some would call it. And because, as yet, there is no better way to measure or discuss this field of research, we use electrical terms. It's a phase that was little stressed or ignored when I was in school. I figure I'm too old and set in my ways to bother my head much about it now."

"Wouldn't be a bother to me—it would be a pleasure," Jim asserted.

A patient entered and interrupted the conversation. The doctor slowly got up from his reclining chair to inquire after the limping man's health.

"See you later," he called to Jim who had also gotten up and was moving toward the door, "you're doing some straight-line thinking, keep it up."

"If there were some place where I could delve into all this!" Dynamo Jim suggested to himself as he left the M. D.'s office without a prescription for his troubles. "Seems that I got some

literature from a place called 'The Fountain Head' on this line; think I'll go home and look it up."

There was a new spring of determination in "Dynamo" Jim's step as he took a short-cut homeward across the green resting place of his doctor friend's former patients.

That night glimmering oil lights were the reduced source of light in the troubled town. Work had stopped and business was paralyzed. The mayor sent a distress call for a man from the head office. While a qualified electrician was on his way, the various specialists in town—watchmakers, veterinarians, the school principal, undertaker, and others—suggested and tried various treatments, but none worked. Each seemed about as much at home in electrical work as a pig in a parlor.

Next day the electrician arrived. He checked the dynamo to find it only slightly damaged from overwork and being overheated. Tracing the power line leading from the dynamo, he found the wires of the main outlet lines meshed close together, producing a voltage drop. A large swaying branch of an overhanging tree produced the condition, hiding it from view amid the green leaves. Shifting the position of the offending limb allowed the taut wires to readjust themselves. A two-hour search over town revealed no other interference. A complete correction had been made. There remained only one more thing to do, turn on the current.

Going back to the engine room, the electrician started the dynamo. The current was on. Lights snapped on brilliantly, motors hummed again. Business lost its paralysis and life returned to normalcy.

"Dynamo" Jim followed all this with wide-eyed interest. It was evident that he was observing and mentally recording the "why's" and "how's" of this important event.

With a sigh of satisfaction the electrician sat down and motioned for Jim to do likewise. Together they reviewed the situation in the now-live-and-active engine room that only the day before was the scene of a desperate Jim and a dead dynamo.

"This electricity, none of us know much about," began the adjuster-of-trouble, "but if we know the conditions under which it works I reckon we should be satisfied. If this ever happens again you will know what to do—trace the line and remove the interference to the electric current."

"It's a matter of cause and correction?" Jim suggested.

"That's exactly it. Once the cause is corrected that's all you need to do; any other action is merely wasted motion. It wasn't your fault that this happened. You made an honest effort to remedy the condition. Your treatment of effects was perfect. Your results were like all other cases started from a false premise—either none or making a bad situation worse."

"Isn't stupidity dense when you have to be knocked down with a fact before you can see it?"

"Don't feel bad about this little accident. The only trouble was you didn't know where or how to locate the cause of it. Next time you will. Truly, it was a costly lesson in ignorance to you and to the town, but it will be very, very valuable if you remember to apply just two things—PREVENTION and CORRECTION."

"I'm glad this did happen, even though I lost my job."

"Why?"

"Because I think I've already learned what you have just suggested. The last two days have been the most valuable ones in my life. You may rest assured that I will profit by them in the future."

"That's the spirit to take it in, pal. I'm going to ask the mayor right now to put you back on the job." And the electrical technician arose to put his words into action.

"Thanks a million," Jim said soberly, motioning for his new friend to sit down, "but I don't want it any more."

"Why?" asked his well-wishing companion in astonishment.

"Because, tomorrow I'm leaving for the Palmer School in Davenport, Iowa, to begin the enchanting study of human electricity."

WHY I QUIT TEACHING SCHOOL

AT WAVERLY

THAT'S STRANGE, I THOUGHT, AS I opened my eyes and looked out at the bursting buds and a few small leaves on the big tree just outside my window. The leaves were half grown yesterday—but, oh yes! this is Iowa, not Alabama. Of course the leaves were older and larger down South.

As I grew wider awake a thousand memories flitted through my mind. I had just taken the first step in carrying out the resolution I made in Waverly, Alabama, over two years before. Vividly, I recalled walking the floor early one March morning with a throbbing head that was never completely easy. How was I to carry out my plans for a new program in education based on individual interest? No one could with a headache like this! But one thing I could do—place myself in the hands of someone who could correct the cause of my misery. I knew of no better place than The Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa—"Fountain Head" for research work in CAUSE and CORRECTION of disease. There was no doubt as to my going—I had made up my mind!

Having obtained my high school teacher's certificate for work completed at Auburn, I agreed to fill the vacancy of a young Mr. Morton in Waverly High School. However, just before the end of the term at Auburn I hurt an old spinal injury while playing football with the Hamilton House team. I had written my final examinations with a sore wry neck, a temperature, and a splitting headache. These were a return of symptoms I had endured almost constantly for two years at Kansas State College. But now, that I had enjoyed being rid of the condition for a few months, it seemed worse than ever.

With final examinations over, I hitchhiked to Haleyville to take a few adjustments before taking up my first duties as a high school teacher. What relief those adjustments gave! With

my nerve tension released once more, my headache gone, and brain working as well as usual I began my work with zip and zest! The first few weeks, in spite of new work and new surroundings, were most pleasant.

But again I fell victim to my old spinal injury. Gradually my condition grew worse. I was not at ease in company. Any remark by the students out of order "got on my nerves". I knew I was slipping, but all efforts to check myself were not enough. No longer could I remember with my usual exactness. I suffered in silence and ignored the remarks about my "peculiarities".

Mrs. Brawner, with whom I boarded, would catch me off guard occasionally and detect my feeling so badly. One Sunday morning she poured a glassful of salts down me. That would "clean me out" and make me feel better, she said. I was careful after that to not let her suspect my real condition. I didn't want any more of her remedies.

It was so far to a good Chiropractor, I had so much expense, and my work took so much of my time that I did not get another adjustment before school was out. I rested as much as possible, played tennis sometimes, but refused to take part in many social activities. I was forced to "get by", and conserving my energy was the only way I could do it.

A number of my students were as listless and mentally lifeless as I. They seemed to have plenty of native ability but just didn't appear to be able to use their talents consistently. What a hopeless situation! Not a word about Chiropractic in the state-adopted health books. No consideration of a Chiropractic health program by the state health department. Waverly had been educated, or mis-educated, in medical science and medical politics. What was true of Waverly was true of almost every other Alabama town.

I made a second resolution—to make a competent Chiropractic health program available to the school children of Alabama!

AT LYNN

I turned down an invitation to return to Waverly High School. Taking a cut in salary, I accepted the position of Science teacher in Lynn High School. Dr. Theo. Jackson's Chiropractic office was only eighteen miles away at Haleyville. By getting an adjustment when I needed it, I kept in fine physical shape, was mentally alert, and thoroughly enjoyed the whole year.

I roomed with the son of our former family doctor. From my medically-minded friend I learned several interesting angles about the profession he planned to enter. According to him, everything concerning the art of healing outside the American Medical Association was "the bunk". The *one* monopolistic health organization of America was almost perfect, according to my roommate . . . just as the one Nazi political party of Germany! Too, among his false opinions was an unscientific attitude toward Chiropractic. But "Cullen" and I were just high school teachers then. We both have learned since, and, I'm sure, still have much more to learn.

Our landlady, influenced probably by her good doctor friend and the bad reputation of "rubbing" doctors, made amusing remarks about how useless it was for anyone to go to a Chiropractor. But she is not like some supposedly educated people; she is always eager to learn and willing to correct any error. Possessed with a wonderful personality, the postmistress of Lynn fills a very important place in the life of her community. She is a "swell sport" and a good friend to all.

Miss Tennie Morris, be it said to her credit, kept her mouth closed about topics with which she was not acquainted. She, no doubt, had opinions which she never expressed. Perhaps in her mind rang the truism, "A dollar watch ticks the loudest." Hats off to an excellent cook and hostess—Miss Tennie Morris, Lynn, Alabama.

My Uncle John Harris, whom Chiropractic could have saved from being a cripple in his childhood, had been so badly misin-

formed that he thought the profession which I secretly planned to enter was a "rubbing" piece of business. His remarks, made in all innocence of truth, varied from disinterest to mild criticism.

As a rule, questions of health were little discussed among the faculty members of Lynn School. Seemingly, everyone took the matter of "shots" and dictated procedure as something to be accepted without question. However, as a topic of more or less mutual interest, Mr. William Currington, principal of Lynn Grammar School, another one of the grammar school teachers, and I discussed the questionable health methods in use. These two fair-minded teachers admitted the possible merits of the "new" healing science. That is the spirit of "investigation without condemnation."

The Barton families of Lynn were better friends to me than they knew. They were acquainted with the true Palmer brand of Chiropractic and did not hesitate to voice a favorable opinion.

About all remarks concerning Chiropractic, good or bad, I smiled, said little, but thought much. I wished that I knew more. I longed for opportunity to tell my friends and fellow school workers the truth about camouflaged issues in the name of science and health. Still, I felt that I was not wholly prepared and that the time was not yet.

School closed in early April. Since Mr. Gatlin was not returning as principal, he could not invite his teachers back for another year. This saved my having to tell him that I could not return. The Chiropractic principle offered a new field for investigation. It was too challenging to turn down.

Sunday night following the closing of school, I made a farewell visit to Lynn without telling anyone good-bye. Next day with the assistance of everyone at home I packed my clothes, a few books, and my typewriter in preparation for the long-awaited trip. Tuesday night I stepped aboard the north-bound bus with my ticket to Davenport.

While recalling the planning and activities that led to my latest venture, I got up, shaved and dressed. Leaving my room at the Dennis home, I walked down Riply street toward the school cafeteria to eat breakfast. Turning north, I noticed the tall radio tower two blocks over as it seemed to stand guard over the Palmer School. All doubting thoughts or feelings of strangeness vanished as I interpreted three large letters on the tower, W. O. C.—Wonders of Chiropractic!

THE "RUBBING" DOCTOR

THREE NEGROES WERE TALKING about President Roosevelt. One voiced an opinion; the others disagreed.

"Ah tells yuh dat Pres'dent Roosevelt am jest like Washington; he am de sec'nd fadder uv his kintry."

"What yuh mean, nigger," began the chuffy member of the group, "he ain't no mo' like Washington dan yuh is—he's mo' like Lincoln."

"What yuh mean he's mo' like Lincoln?" protested the tall first speaker.

"Jist 'cause," insisted the Roosevelt admirer, "he's done freed us colo'ed folks from starvation by comin' along an' handin' out sumthin 'tuh eat what we don' hafta wo'k fer."

"Dat may all be de truf," the third Negro began, stroking his short curly mustache, "but Pres'dent Roosevelt puts me mo' in mind ov Columbus."

"What yuh mean, like Columbus?" the other two asked.

"Because," continued the Roosevelt opponent, "he done started summers an' didn't know where'n de dickens he wuz a-goin'. He got dhere an' didn't know where he wuz at; he's started out aga'n now an' don' know more'n a jack rabbit where he's been."

This story has no political significance. It merely shows that pioneers in any movement are accused of many things they are not responsible for. Scientific Chiropractors who are blazing new trails in the field of human welfare are no exceptions to this rule.

Dr. D. D. Palmer discovered a new continent of wealth in the way to get well and stay well—the spine, the lock and key to the nervous system. This has become the heritage of his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer, and under "B. J.'s" leadership the Chiropractic profession has dauntlessly carried on. The combination to

spines locked out of position has been successfully solved, and for forty-five years Chiropractors have been unlocking imprisoned nervous energy, thus removing the cause of disease.

But why doesn't the public know this? One major factor has been, and, unfortunately still is, the "rubbing" doctor.

If Chiropractic is the unlocking of locked spines to release pressed-on nerves, why do some "chiropractors" rub?

Because they don't know any better or don't know what else to do. All any Chiropractor has any legal or professional right to do is to locate the place of nerve interference in human spines and correct that condition. This is a Chiropractic specialty. The dentist confines his work to the mouth and teeth. The Chiropractor confines his work to the spine.

The "rubbing" doctor has evidently forgotten (if he ever knew) that a condition of short-circuited nerves can only be relieved by an adjustment, and that Nature alone can heal.

If "Chiropractors" don't know this or practice it, how can the public be expected to know?

How did this warped conception and wholesale misunderstanding of Chiropractic get started? Here is the answer:

Dr. D. D. Palmer, father of Dr. B. J. Palmer, discovered the cause of nervous disturbances and how to remove the cause (adjusting offending segments of the spine) in 1895. It was not a "faith" cure—it was a FACT cure. His remarkable results in all types of diseases received wide publicity.

But this new method wasn't in the books. It was not a part of the "established" practice; therefore, as is the usual rule of medical dictators, it was condemned without investigation. Pressure was put upon the American press, and to this day a vast majority of editors hesitate to give any Chiropractor his due publicity for fear it will offend his medical-propaganda source of income. However, these tactics didn't keep the news from spreading by patients who secured such excellent results. As it did then, the principle that was one hundred per cent right is still making progress with the public in spite of all opposition.

As un-American as this attempted suppression was, worse was yet to come. As is sadly true too often, the rift and derating came from within.

The Palmer School of Chiropractic grew out of the early success with hopeless cases. Selfish and unethical persons wanted to snatch the glory from the Palmers. They established a parasitic school in Davenport and began teaching discarded and "secret" techniques of "adjusting". As students arrived in Davenport to attend the Palmer School, they were waylaid and sidetracked into this "mushroom" growth institution. Many quickly learned of the deception and passed on to the Chiropractic "Fountain Head" at the top of Brady street hill. However, others remained to receive warped instructions that prevented straight-line thinking.

Other schools of interception sprang up. Correspondence courses grasped many an honest student's fancy. Diploma "mills" flourished. False Chiropractic certificates were issued, and the country was flooded with a bunch of "guys" "who didn't know where they wuz at, or more'n a jack rabbit what they wuz doin'." They punched backs, poked necks, twisted heads, pulled legs, tickled ribs, massaged tummies, and rubbed anywhere the patient wanted "to have something done."

Gee! But didn't folks get a lot for their money!

But Chiropractic stock went down. The words *Chiropractic* and *Chiropractor* fell into disrepute. Those who had the courage to try the new "doctors" lost faith. The innocent suffered with the guilty. The public suffered for lack of proper Chiropractic care. The qualified Chiropractor suffered from the bad reputation of those who falsely posed as members of a most honorable profession.

The "rubbing" doctor held up progress of human health and happiness. He led the public to believe that Chiropractic was something that it was not, is not now, nor never can be. Because he in his gross ignorance and hoggishness misrepresented the true goods, the public still doesn't know the difference.

When a Chiropractor's name is mentioned, haven't you heard such erroneous statements as, "That's the 'rubbing' doctor, isn't he? . . . I've heard of them punchin' doctors, but don't know much about 'em . . . Oh, Yes! that's the guy who gets the crick out of your neck and pops your back . . . Them fellers are all right for some things, but if I had so-and-so I'd want Dr. Blank . . . Those fellows are all right in their place."

Because the people have been imposed upon by unprofessional and unethical characters, they don't know the true value of Chiropractic—don't know its *real* place!

A profession that has grown in spite of oppression from without, misrepresentation and ridicule all around, and division and strife within must certainly have the "stuff"!

This, plus the fact that REAL Chiropractic has built a remarkable reputation on cases others failed, is evidence that it IS superior.

A SUPERIOR product deserves FIRST place!

The "rubbing" doctor of today is a "vanishing American". The new superior Chiropractor is taking the place of the old inferior method used by the so-called "Chiropractor" who "rubbed".

The patient who insists on having himself rubbed today is like the little boy who was scratching himself while saying his speech at school.

"Stop scratching yourself, Jimmie," the teacher corrected, "that doesn't look good."

"Maybe it doesn't look good," Jimmie replied, still scratching, "but it feels good."

A few patients are like Jimmie, like to have their backs "cobbed" because it feels good. It is general knowledge that scratching is harmful to the skin tissue. The more intelligent "rubbing" doctors who have learned the value of the Chiropractic principle have ceased rubbing and now adjust instead.

There isn't a person with hands that are not paralyzed who couldn't rub backs or make joints pop, but its value is the same

as Jimmie's scratching—doesn't look good, stands a chance to do the patient harm, and is a waste of time to both patient and doctor.

It isn't what we want every time that does us good—it's what we get. If the patient desires of the doctor what he needs, an adjustment, the kind that will remove the *cause* of abnormal conditions, that's what he will get from the trained Chiropractor. That's a Chiropractic specialty. You deserve an explanation if you expect anything else!

Those who are tired of having themselves rubbed, their symptoms pampered and effects treated are trying something else. They are having their cases *analyzed* and the *cause* adjusted—that's Chiropractic!

WRECKS

*C*RASH! THERE'S A CLASH OF METAL and a shattering of glass followed by cries of terror and pain. The crowd gathers. The injured are removed and rushed to the nearest hospital (many never to reach there alive). The wrecker comes to haul the useless motor vehicles to a garage, and the scene is pointed out for weeks.

How many of us have witnessed such a tragic scene!

Christmas Eve, 1925, while on our way to a program at the church, all members of the family, the pastor, and an uncle were turned over in a truck. Apparently, no one was seriously hurt. However, we called a doctor who rendered first aid treatment to external injuries and told us that it takes time to "get over" being jarred up.

In spite of the state patrol's courteous and cautious watching of the highways, about a dozen people were killed in Northwest Alabama last fall and numbers of others were seriously injured.

A recent editorial in a Jasper newspaper states that, according to population, more people are killed in traffic accidents in Alabama than in London by heavy German bombing.

Birmingham paper editorials stress the importance of "safety first" in using the public driveways. Still, accounts of deaths and injuries from wrecks appear all too often on the front pages of the daily newspapers.

Many of these fatal wrecks are the result of drinking, neglect, carelessness, and incompetent drivers. The aim of the state highway patrol is to eliminate these evils.

Yet, "accidents happen in the best of families," and we have to make the best of a bad situation. If you have had the misfortune of a wreck—but the good fortune to live—you probably consulted a mechanic for an estimation of the repair bill. At first, it may have sounded shockingly high. But he reminds you that the brakes need adjusting. Oh, yes; you intended to

have that done last week. Then you recall that there had been a knock in the motor, but you put off seeing about it. The lights may have been a bit off, but that could wait, too. Perhaps this led up to the "busted" radiator, crumpled fenders, broken windshield, and unbalanced body. You cuss yourself for not having the adjustments made before the costly wreck and make a good resolution to never let it happen again.

But what about the condition of those people who were wrecked with the car? Did headaches of a mild nature change to severe ones? Did an occasional "catch in the back" develop into a constant stoop? Did steady nerves suddenly change to give you the jumpy jitters. Have you wondered why you couldn't get your head fixed on your pillow right? Has there been a hurting develop in your neck, back, or shoulders? Many little troubles could be changed in the wreck to big aches and bills.

A shake-up hard enough to damage your car is severe enough to throw your body machinery out of line too. Every joint is subject to some degree of mis-alignment. You did not question the value of having your car checked and all necessary corrections made. As good as the various brands of gasoline and oils are, you didn't take your car to a filling station and have it filled up with fluids and expect them to straighten knocked-down fenders and adjust the off-balance body. But is that what you did for yourself?

That's what I did after the wreck in 1925. Why? I didn't know what else to do. Our family doctor was as good and honest as any who ever cared for the sick in Alabama. Today, we remember him as one of the family's best friends. But his knowledge of body chemistry and its conscientious practice could not correct body mechanical defects. I did not "get over" the spinal injury that a corner of the truck inflicted. A neck and shoulder injury that I sustained in falling from a tree in childhood was hurt over. Hard work aggravated the condition, and it was not until my second year in college that I learned how I could have the trouble corrected. Even then I put it off until

severe headaches and nervousness drove me to doing something. Because I had to pay a "health" fee in college anyway, I consulted the college doctors first, told them my condition (I had to tell them, it being a case "out of their line") and asked for treatment. And "treatment" was what I got.

I was given a blood test, urine analysis, heart test, and was asked a million questions about myself and family. For a week I was kept under observation. All the tests proved that the chemistry of my body was in perfect condition. "But, son, you're a little nervous and a bit stoop-shouldered," the kind old doctor informed me. I knew that already and asked him what he could do about it. He put me under a lamp of some kind and turned the heat on my back. He repeated this two days and gave me a box of salve to rub on my spine with the encouraging words, "I think you will 'get over' it".

But I didn't get over it. For months I had splitting headaches. Knowing even then that pain-killing drugs were harmful, I rarely took anything. I tried working and sleeping my headaches off, often to find them worse for the experiment. I consulted numbers of eye specialists and had my glasses changed; still no results. My greatest ambition was to finish college. I had things to do. The world needed reforming, but my sad plight rendered me useless. In disgust, I quit college, made a rambling trip through the East and Midwest, and weeks later ended my hitchhiking journey at home. I had aged beyond my years. My ideals were at a low ebb and my ambitions gone. There was one thing left to do—try Chiropractic—if that failed there was nothing else to do!

As unfair as I had been to myself and to Dr. Theo. Jackson of Haleyville, Alabama, whom I consulted, I was convinced that Chiropractic was my "best bet" to health and ease again. An X-ray analysis proved Dr. Jackson's first observations, and a few weeks care under him saw me well on the road to health and happiness once more.

A trained Chiropractor can be your friend and doctor, too, as no one else can. Profit by the experience of others. If you

have been in a wreck that left you a wreck, remember what Thomas A. Edison said, "The doctor of the future will give no medicine, but will interest his patients in the care of the human frame . . . and in the *cause* and *prevention* of disease." That's your Chiropractor!

"A PAIN IN THE NECK"

THAT'S WHAT A CRIMINAL EXPERIENCES, very briefly, when he is hung for a crime. That's what the horse thief got in days of the early West. The Ku Klux Klan delivered "pains in the neck" to many Negroes for real and fancied felonies. Such was the punishment measured out in the early days of Russellville and Franklin County. And such is the misery each of us has suffered in lesser degree at one time or another.

When a person is hung, legally or otherwise, the noose is slipped around his neck, not his shoulders or waist. The object is to kill the offender instantly, and the hangman knows that the rope fixed to any other part of the spine would not do the job. The victim would swing until he starved to death, but that wouldn't be capital punishment!

The noose is knotted and placed at the base of the skull at the first two joints of the neck in such a way as to dislocate one or both of the vertebrae. When this is done the marrow (spinal cord) is broken, pinched, or so badly damaged that it cannot carry the messages of life from the brain to the body below.

The marrow, or spinal cord, is made up of millions of tiny nerves connected with all parts of the body. The place where the noose is placed to break the neck is the main switch to all the nervous system. The sudden fall sideslips or breaks this switch in the neck, turning off all the nerve force to all the body. It is the only place in the spine where this is possible, because all the nerves leave the brain at the base of the skull to all parts of the body. The nerves are in the marrow of the backbone or just in front of it in two other nerve cords. They all connect, either in the brain or along certain points where nerves leave the spine. The hangman may or may not know this, but he knows that breaking it will "knock your light out". With the power line of life snapped, the victim swings in the breeze, face pleading and

helpless, taunt muscles suddenly relaxing leaving the body limp and lifeless.

None of us expect to ever meet this kind of fate, either by law or lynching. But it is what we do not expect, or often least suspect, that means the difference between life and death. And the difference between a healthful life and death is 100 per cent. Sickness is a condition somewhere between.

If a neck can be dislocated and cause death, then if it were one-tenth, one-fourth, or one-half that badly out of line, the condition could easily make one sick enough to be one-tenth, one-fourth, or one-half dead. This is the way Dr. B. J. Palmer reasoned. He has made millions of X-ray pictures of the spine, concentrating on the neck region, and has proved this logical thinking to be a fact. After forty years of full spine adjusting, he has found that almost every case of sickness (regardless of what kind) is caused by a partly dislocated neck. Since the opening of his world-famous clinic, he has given only one adjustment below the second joint of the neck, and that was to the wife of a famous surgeon who had a partially dislocated third vertebra. So don't be surprised if the Palmer graduate Chiropractor doesn't ask you to pull your shirt off. Too, this makes it more convenient and less embarrassing to the lady patient. Not that full spine examination can't be carried on in a professional manner, but since it isn't necessary, except in very rare instances, why go to all the trouble?

But, you may ask, how can anyone be partially "hung" without having a rope around his neck and the props knocked from under him? Haven't we all had falls or other accidents that seemed to jar our heads off? And since the neck is the most easily dislocated part of the spine, it is only reasonable that an outside force would do more damage there than anywhere else. The extent of dislocation may be from microscopic degree to being completely broken. A complete set of X-rays will reveal the condition, provided they are read by someone who knows how to interpret the X-ray pictures.

Perhaps you want to know, "What can be done about it?" The Chiropractor knows what to do and how to do it. In correcting the condition, he gives an adjustment that is the exact opposite of the force that caused your spine to be out of line enough to cause dis-ease. But he must know the direction in which it has moved in the wrong way to be able to adjust it back the right way. That's why Dr. Palmer has taken so many X-ray pictures to determine just what to do. He also X-rays his patients after adjustments by carefully-measured equipment to see that a complete correction has been made. His work includes cases from very slight mis-alignments to completely broken necks. Though a large percentage of these cases are "failures," Dr. Palmer's success with them has been unusually high. In correcting their partially "hung" condition, he turned on their "nerve switch" reversing the condition of sickening darkness to one of healthful radiant light!

But Dr. Palmer cannot go to every town and adjust all the people who need it, nor can everyone who needs adjustments go to Davenport to be adjusted personally by Dr. B. J. Palmer. That's why he has established The Palmer School of Chiropractic to train several hundred students every year to go to every country in the world to deliver the message and adjustments of health.

MR. ROCKEFELLER SPEAKS

FOUR MAJOR FACTORS MAKE possible the present position of the leading healing professions. First, by use of the press, movies, and other forms of publicity—most of it being free—to educate (or miseducate) the public. Second control of political power with which to enforce regulations, condemn and suppress other healing sciences. Third, by use of the taxpayer's money to get its program presented to the younger generation through our school system. Fourth, solely by its own means and merits.

Since Chiropractic is denied the right by a majority of papers of the American press to publish as news its research findings and excellent results, is denied a voice in state health programs (even though legalized in that state), it has reached its present high standard through its own medium of education by its own ways and means.

Chiropractic makes its own way and pays its own bills.

Because of this suppression of news by our "free" American press, the people never know many interesting and most important facts. Take for example the stand of the late John D. Rockefeller on Chiropractic. I quote from one of Cash Asher's books, *Your Life Is in Their Hands*:

"The most striking example of suppression of Chiropractic news by the press was in the case of John D. Rockefeller. Although this collosus of finance had been receiving Chiropractic adjustments for ten years before he died, only a few lines about this ever seeped through the press censorship . . .

"And when the great man died, no mention was given of the Chiropractor whose services were considered of sufficient value for the family to summon him to New York from Florida, when the aged financier had at his call the greatest specialists of medicine and surgery in America's greatest city.

"In a telegram to Dr. Jensen (Chiropractor), a few days after Rockefeller died, Mrs. Fannie A. Evans, his niece and hostess during the last years of his life said:

"I have just learned that your name was omitted from the list of doctors and friends who were close to Mr. Rockefeller. We are very sorry and the family join me in sincere appreciation of your wonderful help and splendid service during the years that you have been treating the distinguished patient.'"

The organization responsible for such censorship violates the principles of American democracy. Such undue and misused power as this was what our forefathers had in mind when they demanded free speech, a free press, and said, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." This form of dictatorship that endeavors to keep the people from finding out such important facts, takes unfair advantages to eliminate all forms of competition and at the same time uses public means of spreading its own propaganda, is as foreign to human freedom and well-being as Hitler is to the peace of the world.

Do you know what the aged Mr. Rockefeller said about the present movements relating to health? I didn't until I read it in another of Cash Asher's books, *Stark Corridors*. Here it is.

"Men who are studying the problem of disease tell us that it is becoming more and more evident that the forces which conquer sickness are within the body itself, and that it is only when these are reduced below normal that disease can get a foothold.

"The way to ward off disease, therefore, is to tone up the body generally and, when disease has secured a foothold, the way to combat it is to help these natural resisting agencies that are within the body already."

—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

Why don't more of us depend upon those forces "within" as Mr. Rockefeller did? Largely because we haven't had the opportunity! Until the last few years, few of us knew much about Chiropractic. Fewer of us lived close enough to a good

Chiropractor who could find and liberate the cause of those "agencies that are within the body already" not being on the job. We could not afford, as Mr. Rockefeller did, to call a Chiropractor from a distant city or state.

But times are changing! More capable young men and women are attending high standard Chiropractic schools. Many of them have had college training and were attracted to Chiropractic because of being restored to health through adjustments. May I say in passing that a college education is not essential in giving an adjustment, but its possession is certainly an asset. These new and capable graduates are realizing the value of small town locations. Slowly and surely they are filtering in to fill a long postponed need.

One young British student at the Palmer School came from the Union of South Africa all the way to Davenport, Iowa, to study Chiropractic. As I remember the story of his coming, it was something like this:

"I came to America to study Chiropractic because of the example made of a potato. I knew of many remarkable cures at the hands of our local Chiropractor and knew that his science was based on logical reasoning from cause to effect, but the simple reference to the 'inside' forces of a potato is the real factor of my being in Davenport. 'The potato', the Chiropractor said, 'has stored within it all the necessary powers to maintain life. Plant it in suitable surroundings and some unseen force causes it to sprout from within, grow, and produce more of its kind. That force, that Intelligence, is in every living thing. And the Intelligence Power that gives and maintains life for the potato is capable of taking care of the highest form of life—the human race.'"

However, the productivity of the potato requires the care of the farmer's hand. Yet, even he cannot give the power that makes the potato sprout and grow. It is those forces "within."

Take two grains of corn, one that grew in the field and one made from chemicals in the laboratory. Plant them in the

same hill. Though the two kernels cannot be told apart with the eye, it does not take an expert to tell which one will sprout and grow. Skillful as the chemist is, he cannot instill that life force that causes the corn from the cob to sprout, grow and reproduce itself.

Yet, the corn to produce an abundant harvest must be cultivated. The farmer knows how to do that.

And you, with those powers "within" to keep you well and happy, find that at times you are not at ease. That something within you doesn't seem to be on the job. And very likely, that's the trouble. As in the case of Mr. Rockefeller, you may need the trained hand of a Chiropractor to liberate imprisoned nervous energy to regain that balance of forces that means the difference between ease and dis-ease.

YOU NAME IT

WHILE DRIVING OVER A SHORT stretch of bumpy road north of Eldridge, Alabama, last fall the motor began to "skip." "Must be the rough road," I thought and slowed down. Soon, however, the road smoothed out to an uphill pull, and it was with some difficulty that the jumpy Chevrolet climbed the hill in high.

Arriving at the top, I stopped and got out, leaving the motor running. "Acts like locomotor ataxia," I thought, walking around to the rear to listen to the exhaust. The slight blue smoke was interrupted every second or two with a jerky skip. "Skiposis" I decided after a moment's observation. Walking back to the front end, I raised the hood to listen to the engine. A thumping skip was the outstanding symptom there. "Skipitis," I changed by opinion. My thoughts turned backward to the diagnosis class in which Dr. A. B. Hender, Dean of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, told of an early car-trouble experience. It was something like this:

"I was out of town when something went wrong with the carburetor on my car. I had seen mechanics work on carburetors, and thought I could fix it. I got a wrench and screwdriver and turned everything I found loose. The condition went from bad to worse. I decided to call a mechanic. When he got on the job he found that all I had been doing was wrong or was not necessary. He moved one little screw about a quarter around and the motor 'hit off' as pretty as you please.

"Now, what had happened was this: I had been 'treating' the carburetor—the mechanic *adjusted* the carburetor!"

"I bet something needs adjusting," I said out loud, "but it's probably five miles back to town and not a telephone in the community. Maybe my knowledge of Model 'T' Fords can be used on this '40 Chevy'," I suggested to myself and began looking over the motor. In a minute I discovered a loose wire, dangling suspiciously, leading to the first sparkplug. I got a

wooden-handle screwdriver and tested for "fire." The first plug was dead but the other five were plenty "hot."

Having touched "live" wires and plugs before, I knew better than to attempt an "adjustment" with the motor running. I turned the switch, then took special note of how the other wires connected to the plugs. No question about it, the first ignition line did not run true to pattern. It seemed to be hanging in such a position as to be making a faulty contact, or perhaps no contact at all. I lined it up like the others and tightened the connection at the sparkplug. A further survey revealed no other suspicious connections.

I turned the switch back on and stepped on the starter. Again I listened to the exhaust. No skip this time. I checked the motor for the skipping noise. No symptoms. I took off slowly in low. Still no jumpy skip. Shifting to second and high proved that the motor was again "hitting on all six." As I glided onward, I recalled Dr. Herbert Hender's (son of the Dean) discussion of "diagnosis" and *analysis*.

"Diagnosis," he had told us, "is the giving of a name to a group of symptoms."

That's what I did when the "skip" first started, and my trying to give the trouble the right name didn't do a bit of good.

"Analysis," he had told us, "is the collecting of all information possible as to what is causing any given trouble."

That's what I had done when I found the loose wire and tested for "fire," concluding that my findings caused the unwanted condition.

"Adjusting," he had defined as "correcting the cause of some abnormal condition."

That's what I had done when I re-aligned the wire to correct the jumpy connection.

"Cars and people must be very much alike," I concluded.

"The modern car will not crank easily or run smoothly if its battery is run down or its ignition system out of order. Only

when the cause has been determined and corrected will your car or my car return to its usual snappy crank-up or take-off!"

This corresponds exactly with the conclusions of Dr. B. J. Palmer who has made a lifetime study of the human nervous system. He has found by studying thousands of cases that short-circuited nerves with improper connections to the different organs of the body exist in almost every person. By observation, by experimentation, and by test with the best scientific instruments, he has proved his conclusions; not only proved them, but has developed the most specific means of correcting the abnormal condition known to modern science. That's why Palmer graduates are known the world over for their high percentage of good results.

With your nerves in a short-circuited condition, you become nervous, run down, cannot do your work with any degree of pleasure, and sooner or later become downright sick. Your trained Chiropractor can locate the short-circuited nerves from your spine as the mechanic locates the wires that are not conducting the current to the sparkplug. These nerves lead to all parts of the body, and the ones that are not corrected properly along any part of their course will cause trouble. Once this has been done a series of adjustments will correct the unwanted condition; that's what it will take for you to return to your much-desired "zip-and-zest" feeling!

The cause of disease is so simple that it was overlooked for thousands of years. Its simplicity has not yet penetrated the brains of many of our scientists. There is no need for yard-long names and prescriptions in Latin when the cause of sickness can so easily be analyzed and adjusted. The exactness of this Chiropractic principle accounts for the results obtained and causes it to live in spite of all opposition. It works in harmony with the old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

A few dollars spent in correcting the cause is worth more than hundreds spent in treating effects—that's why more and more people now try Chiropractic first!

THE VOICE OF EDISON

“THE DOCTOR OF THE FUTURE will give no medicine, but will interest his patients in the care of the human frame, in diet and in the cause and prevention of disease.”

—THOMAS A. EDISON.

* * *

This quotation appears in Cash Asher's latest book, *The Doctor Could Be Wrong*. And the voice of Edison was a voice of authority. To support his prophecy, I call your attention to the trend of the modern drugstore. In the Midwest where the large chain drugstores hold sway, prescriptions and patent medicines are only a small part of the total sales. Refreshments, school supplies, jewelry, clothing, hardware—almost anything but drugs could be listed as the leading sales article.

However, in Russellville (and probably in most Alabama towns) the situation is different. Employees at Bradford's drugstore have informed me that, “Drugs, both by prescription and patent medicine sales, are definitely a major in articles sold and percentage of income.”

The pleasant-faced big boy at the corner drugstore said, “The sale of drugs is a very important part of our business. We handle those brands that have a quick turn-over value, selling a lot of the popularly advertised remedies.”

Interviewing employees at the Plaxco drugstore, I was informed that approximately 75 per cent of gross income there is from the sale of drugs. The reason the pharmacist gave me, “I suppose we cater to drugs in the South, and they cater to something else in the Midwest.”

Since I have bought articles (other than drugs) at all these places, I know each to have a pleasing sales force, a large stock of goods, and to be clean and comfortable places of business. Being business-like people, when Russellville and vicinity alters

its items of drugstore buying, these fellows will "cater to those other things of quick-turn-over value."

I learned of another interesting angle from a young sock salesman working in Russellville. His opinion, formed from observations of his father's drug business, is, "The South, being largely of rural population, has been educated to the idea of the patent medicine salesmen and the medicine show. Now that the farmer and his family come to town more often, Saturday afternoon anyway, and use a doctor who writes prescriptions, he substitutes drugstore buying for calls the traveling patent medicine salesman and the country doctor once made on him . . . just another step as time makes changes."

But why did Mr. Edison say "the doctor of the future will give no medicine"? He knew, as the best medical doctors know, that it is best to give as little medicine as possible. And with the improved systems of applying the techniques of other healing arts, Mr. Edison knew that in the future that the giving of medicine would be as out of date as the "bleeding days" of the barbers.

The world laughed at Mr. Edison's dream of recording sound and using electricity to make light. But who was right? The fun-poking public lived with Edison to see every city of the world made like day with glittering electric lights. Without appreciation of the thought, work, and scientific principle involved, thousands of people every day slip nickels into rockolas in every city and village to hear recorded music.

With progressing developments at Muscle Shoals and throughout the Tennessee Valley, rural areas are being electrified. The Alabama Power Company is likewise doing rural electric line building in many counties south of the T.V.A. sphere of control. Before another generation has passed away, the population of Alabama will share in the rich gift that Edison gave to the world.

Thomas A. Edison knew that the human body has its own special kind of electrical system of power and control. He

knew the history of medicine is the history of cooking up some kind of formula only to be discarded for some other "experiment." He knew that the human dynamo with its control of the human body never experiments. It was made 100 per cent perfect. He knew that the "healing forces within" are much more efficient than the paralyzing-pickling drugs of supposed curative value. He knew that medicine was made to sell—not to take.

Before another generation passes away, many more thousands will share in the great discovery of another man, that of Dr. B. J. Palmer. He is the man who has made possible the way for Edison's prophecy to be fulfilled. It is he who has developed that art of healing in which "the doctor of the future will give no medicine." No longer does the world laugh at the chiropractor, but marvels that the touch of his hand is the means of restoring health after rivers of medicine fail.

WHAT MAKES US THINK

(Revised from *The Chiropractor*)

THOUGHT, IT HAS BEEN SAID, is as real as the Rocky Mountains and as powerful as Niagara Falls.

The human brain and nervous system generates and conducts this thought power that governs the welfare of the human race and directs the destiny of the world.

Of all living creatures, people possess a brain that can work out the problems of today and make plans for their children for years to come. It is the people with the power to think and the will to put their thoughts into action who get ahead and get the most out of life. The difference between people is their WILL power and BRAIN power. That's why it has been said, "Thought is as real as the Rocky Mountains . . ."

James Watt watched his Scottish aunt's tea kettle boil. As he observed the escaping steam, slightly raising the lid, his mind went into action. "Auntie," he called, "look what power the steam in the tea kettle has; if we had enough steam it would lift all the mountains of Scotland!" Later, this principle of steam expansion was applied to the steam engine and completely changed commerce, travel, and habits of the civilized world. The electric motor and gasoline engine are displacing steam power, but these improvements, too, are but results of brain power transformed into mechanical motion—"thoughts that are as powerful as Niagara Falls."

Every invention had to be first thought out in the brain of the inventor. It took brain energy and muscle work for Henry Ford to make his first internal combustion engine. But the principle that operated the first sputtering Ford motor speeds the V-8 over the highway today. Only the constant application of brain power by Henry Ford and other men of the motor field has made this possible.

The work of Judge Camille Kelly, presiding woman justice of the Juvenile Court in Memphis, Tennessee, is an outstanding

example of what intelligent motherhood and early guidance will do to direct the thoughts and actions of children in the right pathways. Her loving work of justice has been a major factor in reducing the crime record of Memphis.

Every mother watches with tender care and interest the development of her child—his cries, laughter, use of hands and feet, first effort to walk and talk—all point to the “fact” that it is the smartest baby living. It’s bound to be a great man or woman—perhaps President! How well she knows that the formation of early brain patterns will determine the character and success of her boy or girl—the man or woman of tomorrow!

It is to develop the minds of youth that millions of dollars are spent every year by private and public educational institutions. Words, stories, figures, and facts—merely vehicles for thoughts—are presented in the first few grades. How well the high school teacher knows whether or not a good foundation was laid in the growing plastic mind! Then, the colleges and universities—all for the purpose of developing the educated mind.

Many forms of intelligence tests have been devised to measure student’s mental ability in high school and college. In many cases, these tests are a fair index to the abstract mental powers of the person tested. Automatic recording of thought wave patterns has been developed in The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic. This instrument indicates the number of complete and incomplete thoughts the person under test has per minute.

“New frontiers of the mind” are disclosing many interesting facts about mental telepathy. Duke University has done much research work in the transfer of human thoughts. Interesting revelations have already been made and more startling facts are yet to be disclosed.

Psychologists give us many laws of learning. They have analyzed many factors in memory, frequency of recall, and the art of recognition. Fortunately, they say, we tend to forget the unpleasant things in life. Yet, the scientific study of the mind is in its infancy.

The psychiatrist informs us about the abnormal activity of the minds of insane people—whispering voices, master minds, evil spirits, fears, revenge, reform, distorted visions—a few examples of twisted thought. And all too often the psychiatrist's advice to "snap out of it" is a waste of breath. His advice is good and well-intended, but that isn't telling the patient "how"!

With all this interesting information, and the scientific development for further investigation, science has not yet found out *how* we think! We have conclusive evidence that the thinking process goes on in the brain, but just how, still remains a mystery. Though the brain has been well charted, each lobe doing a particular service under normal conditions, the question of "how?" remains. The nearest answer we can get is by comparison.

As the electrician suggested in the story about "Dynamo" Jim, we do not understand electricity, but we know many things it will do. We know the dynamo produces a current that is distributed over electric lines to distant points. We know that electricity conforms to certain definite laws that do not change with opinions. Electric fans, lights, motors, irons, stoves, and endless home, factory and office equipment we take for granted. We know those devices are there and that they work, but we seldom stop to wonder—*how?*

The human brain is a human dynamo. We take its work for granted. Its many divisions have an abundant blood and nerve supply. The blood vessels radiate in such a manner to supply food and take away waste material and heat. The energy the brain produces can be measured with electrical instruments. But we know that this energy is not entirely like electricity. If it were we would only be like an electric motor or frigidaire. There's a difference, a thoughtful intelligent difference. This force we call mental impulses, Innate Intelligence, a power that enables us to see, understand, talk, laugh, think, and be glad that we are alive.

MEASURING THAT POWER WITHIN

(Reprinted from *The Chiropractor*)

IF, AFTER YEARS OF OBSERVATION, dissecting, and experimenting, scientists do not know how the conscious mind works, what would we expect them to know about the so-called sub-conscious mind?

We have been informed by biologists that the heart beat, digestion, sweating, and certain other body activities are controlled by involuntary muscles. True enough, but what controls the "involuntary" action of the muscles?

Psychologists have delved into the realm of mental activity and disclosed many interesting facts. However, they leave too many things unexplained. Too much is left to the so-called sub-conscious mind. Instinct, habit, synapses, and nerve-reflex explanations are too superficial to satisfy the interested group that insists upon investigating and further explaining this neglected part of body control.

"The stone that was rejected" has become the foundation of a science and profession that is permanently building into the health of the nations. The brain, the nervous system, and the sub-conscious mind was first recognized by Chiropractic as the superstructures of the body and not the "sub," as previously referred to. And today, instead of being laughed at because they insisted that nerves play a major part in health and the welfare of the body, Chiropractors are the leaders in research work in neurology. They have found that the nerves carry something more than just a minute spark of electricity—the messages that mean the difference between sickness and health.

Leading in the study of the brain and its nervous system in relation to health has been The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Since 1895 sick people have been getting well at the hands of the Palmers and senior students in Davenport, Iowa. From the

Chiropractic Fountain Head, the work has spread all over the world.

TEST-TUBE PROOF

But the scientists were not satisfied with clinical results. That the sickest of sick people got well by having the cause of their trouble adjusted was not enough. Science demanded test-tube proof. In response to that challenge and demand, The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic was opened in 1935. And here, under the supervision of the best brains in the Midwest, every necessary instrument of modern science is being used to test the principle of Chiropractic—that interference to the brain's messages by pressure on nerves is the cause of disease. Medical doctors make a thorough examination of each patient, but not one drop of medicine is given. All drugs of any form are cut completely out. Dr. Palmer and his staff then make a thorough Chiropractic analysis that is followed by an adjustment. Further examinations are made for the test-tube proof that the scientific world has been asking for. A record is made of everything that is done, results noted and the evidence automatically recorded, all as proof of what "that power within" does when it is released.

Dr. Palmer has two shielded and grounded booths in which a compass has no north or south and a radio will not play. In one booth he checks the spines of his patients with a patented instrument, the Neurocalometer, which measures the heat given off from nerves under pressure by slightly misplaced vertebrae of the spine. In the other booth is a seven-channel instrument, the Electroencephaloneuromentiograph, which is so sensitive that it will measure the life force flowing through a house plant.

Connected to the nerve centers of the head and spine, this instrument makes a graph of the nervous energy passing through any given point. One kind of pattern means a normal condition. Another type graph means that the energy is not getting through. Tests by these two instruments, plus several X-ray pictures, locates the exact spot of interference. With this in-

formation, Dr. Palmer knows exactly where and exactly how to give the adjustment.

MORE TESTS

Nerve tests are made after each adjustment to check its effectiveness, and as a scientific record. X-ray pictures are also made again, with the patient in exactly the same position, to prove that the vertebra has been adjusted back to normal condition. Within a very short time, in many cases, curves at lower points completely straighten out. X-ray graphs of the heartbeat reveal that the work of this vital organ has returned to normal. Normal easy breathing, a sparkle of the eye, and a reviving of the abundant life is the reward.

For further information and record material, blood tests, urine analysis, basic metabolism tests to determine the amount of oxygen used and poisons given off by the lungs, are other things done to prove the chemistry of the body returns to normal after a specific adjustment.

Such is the proof that The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic has ready for the scientists who demand proof. Other institutions are also performing some interesting experiments in brain-wave patterns, heart vibrations, and intelligence indices, but in no other research institution does the staff specialize in correcting abnormal conditions when they are found. To know important facts is interesting, but to be able to use that knowledge is valuably interesting. For someone to tell you that you have a flat tire is worth very little if you are out in the country without a spare, tools or patching. But to have someone stop with necessary equipment and help you out of the situation makes all the difference in the world.

Forty-five years ago Dr. D. D. Palmer, father of "B. J.," dared make predictions that long remained in the realm of philosophy. To him, the Chiropractic principle was not then a theory, but an indisputable fact. But because it could not at that time be proved in the laboratory, it was not accepted though numerous living examples testified to its merits. His convictions and predictions were nothing less than prophecy. Every

major contention has withstood the most rigid test. One medical publication so completely proved Chiropractic that the author refused a second edition though it was very much in demand. But "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." And at the hands of the developer of Chiropractic, Dr. B. J. Palmer, has proof of that magnificent truth arisen.

PROOF

Others share in the glory. Proof paves the way for every practicing chiropractor. It anchors fast the faith of the new practitioner in those first few lean years; he knows that success comes from within. And as the days go by, he finds proof all over again to himself and his community of the logical reasoning of Dr. H. C. Chance, head of The Palmer School Clinic:

"If an electric wire can carry 120 known messages at the same time," he says, "then, the human nervous system with its automatic brain control can carry many times this number, and do so far more efficiently."

For evidence of his logic, we have to look no further than human activity around us. Under normal conditions, it is the nervous communication system that informs hundreds of muscles to contract and relax in harmony. This is the coordination that enables a football team to "click." It directs the basketball players shot at the goal. It makes possible the rhythm and ease with which the swimmer glides through the water. This super-conscious guide directs the housewife's work and coordinates the farmer's energy behind the plow. It is this silent message system that guides the Chiropractor's hands in correcting the mechanical defects of human spines—the harmonizing force that keeps you in tune with yourself, your fellowmen, and with the universe!

These nerve messages are the means of your knowing when you are hungry, thirsty, tired, sleepy, restless, or sick. They are the super-conscious means of letting your conscious mind know whether you feel good or bad, causing you to express happiness in health and symptoms in disease. Bad news is just as

important as good news. You and your doctor need to know all the facts. That's why it is harmful to take pain-killing drugs to cover up symptoms; to do so is just like burning a letter from home without reading it.

TRANSMISSION OF ORDERS

Your nerves conduct the orders from your brain to every organ in your body. That's why your meals digest without even your thinking about it. This intelligent power keeps your heart beating to carry food-laden blood to all parts of your body, even while you are asleep. And your lungs continue to function in deep regular breathing in the dead hours of night. Your liver, spleen, tonsils, pancreas, kidneys, appendix, and all other organs do their work perfectly as long as there is no interference to their harmonious nerve-message lines.

But as pointed out before, we are all subject to wrecks which short-circuit our nerve-communication system. Dr. Herbert C. Hender, member of The Palmer School faculty and business manager of The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic, describes this condition as "something going to sleep on its job."

We might use the example of your arm or leg "going to sleep." Such an experience has happened to all of us. You couldn't use that limb until you moved it about and got it "woke up," could you? And did you notice that before "going to sleep" your arm was in an awkward position or resting on some hard object, or that your "sleepy" leg was crossed? This put pressure on the large nerves running just beneath the skin, cutting off the nerve circulation. In turn, this cut down the blood circulation. Without the proper "nerve spark" the muscles became useless, just as a cylinder in your car when a bad connection to a spark-plug produces a "skip."

EXAMPLE

Suppose the nerve circulation to any other part of the body were cut off! What would happen? The answer is easy! The

muscles of that particular part would go to sleep on their job. If the condition is not promptly corrected, some very bad results follow.

When the stomach nerve supply is cut down, the stomach cannot churn your food in the digestive process. The results—things you eat stay in the stomach too long and sour. Too much or too little digestive juices are secreted, and an acid condition, gas, and digestion are the unwelcome symptoms.

An abnormal nerve supply to the kidneys prevent their working parts being on the job; this may cause any of the various kidney diseases.

If the nerve messages are cut off to the tonsils, lungs, appendix, or other organs, it often results in swelling, abnormal contraction or relaxing of the muscles, and inflammation. Sometimes pus-formation follow the first dreaded pains of some kind of "itis," this is that critically serious time—to operate or not to operate!

"A stitch in time saves nine." An adjustment in time will do the same thing, and here's how:

HEALING FORCE

The nerve messages of the brain carry a healing power that no doctor can substitute. The skillful surgeon is an artist to be admired. Carefully he preserves every nerve possible because he knows they must be there if the wound heals properly. Skillfully he sets a broken arm, being careful that the large nerves are not close enough to grow into the knitting fracture for he knows that bony pressure at this point halt the healing power of Nature and time. The first aid worker does a splendid job of cleaning and dressing wounds, but his liquids and salves will not heal.

A dentist friend said this about nerves in their relation to healing. "I have noticed gums heal faster when not deadened with drugs." Evidently, healing cannot take place as quickly when the nerve messages are blocked.

"Another thing that often happens is a slight movement of a tooth in its alveolar socket to such a position as to press on its own nerve supply. I had a patient with an abscessed tooth caused by bumping it on an iced tea glass. With the nerve supply thus pinched off, one-half or all the tooth may die."

If this can happen to a tooth it can easily happen to a vertebra of the spine. A tooth out of place not only hurts, but can affect the entire body. Dizzy Dean had a wisdom tooth pulled, hoping it would help his pitching arm, but it didn't. More likely, a joint of his spine is out of line pressing on the nerve supply to his arm, causing it to go bad. Had he been with the New York Yankees the team Chiropractor would have adjusted this condition and Dizzy would not be fading from the baseball world as he is.

PRESSURE OFF NERVES

Your Chiropractor can adjust the offending vertebra of your spine, thus taking the pressure off of nerves. But he cannot truthfully say, "I cured a case of tonsillitis, T.B., or rheumatism." Only those forces within can heal any part of your body when it is wrecked with the pains of disease. That's why Mr. Rockefeller said, "... when disease has secured a foothold, the way to combat it is to help those natural resisting agencies that are within the body already."

The healing power of your body is a challenge to human understanding. It is an individual force each person possesses. Yet, it is universal. It eludes the microscope and the test tube. We can only know the results of its presence and measure the approximate degree of its activity. "To know its nature," Dr. Palmer says, "would be to know the Creator Himself, and that we cannot know until we have passed into immortality."

Dr. James Greggerson summed up the situation well when he said:

DESCRIPTION

"We Chiropractors work with the subtle substance of the soul. We release the prisoned impulses, the tiny rivulet of

force, that emanates from the mind and flows over the nerves to the cells and stirs them into life. We deal with the magic power that transforms common food into living, loving, thinking clay; that robes the earth with beauty, and hues and scents the flowers with the glory of the air.

"In the dim, dark, distant long ago, when the sun first bowed to the morning star, this power spoke and there was life; it quickened the slime of the sea and the dust of the earth and drove the cell to union with its fellows in countless living forms. Through eons of time it finned the fish and winged the bird and fanged the beast. Endlessly it worked, evolving its forms until it produced the crowning glory of them all. With tireless energy it blows the bubble of each individual life, and then silently, relentlessly dissolves the form, and absorbs the spirit into itself again."

And yet you ask, "Can Chiropractic cure appendicitis or the 'flu'?"

Have you more faith in a knife or a spoonful of medicine than in the power that animates the living world?

WHAT'S YOUR GUARANTEE?

“YOU CHIROPRACTIC FELLOWS CAN'T do any good except on cases the other doctors can't help, can you?”

This question was asked me soon after I came to Russellville by the husband of a Chiropractic patient. I knew that his wife's asthma had cleared up under adjustments and for a few seconds wondered why he asked the question. Suddenly, I caught the layman's idea of Chiropractic as I had never seen it before. To him, Chiropractic was limited to a few cases, those stubborn chronic conditions that would yield to nothing else. Such had been his wife's asthma. Now she was free of those choking, stabbing pains with lungs free as the air she breathed. I searched for the right answer to his question.

“Well, friend, I believe you've got something there. But if we can take other doctor's 'failures' and make successes out of them, doesn't it stand to reason that we could at least have an equal showing on the easy cases?”

“Yes, I suppose so, but I just don't understand how you do it.”

I then explained how the nerve supply got cut off from the tiny muscles of the air passages to the lungs and the tiny air lobes causing them to draw up like a pucker string, cutting the air off to the lungs. I also explained that the nerve supply could be interfered with to any or all parts of the body, causing many, many kinds of diseases. This was a new idea to him. A puzzling question had been answered. Both of us were better educated for his straight-forward, honest question. Proof of this man's friendship and support came later when he brought and sent other patients to me.

* * *

One day a young man came into my office to talk with me about his wife's health. He related a recent case of child-birth followed by chronic attacks of appendicitis and asked me if ad-

justments would cure these conditions. I replied that his wife's chances for good results were excellent.

"But will you guarantee to cure her appendicitis," he insisted, "preventing an operation?"

"Did Dr. ——— guarantee to deliver a sound, healthy baby and that your wife would get through the ordeal without any trouble?"

"But that's different," he said, "of course I didn't ask Dr. ——— to guarantee that."

"The principle is exactly the same. You know the good results your neighbors and relatives have had under my care; why do you ask more of me than any other doctor?"

"Oh, I just didn't want to spend any money that I didn't get any good out of."

"I hope you never have wasted any money and don't have the same sad experience that I have had wasting time and money with doctors who specialize in treating effects for the dollar. I understand why you ask my guarantee, but if you ask it of me, then it is only fair to ask it of every doctor before you make or pay a bill."

This young fellow has not been back. I suppose he is still looking for a guarantee!

* * *

A few weeks after I took over the office in Russellville, a young man and his wife came in to consult me concerning the wife's nervous disorder. After I had made a nerve check and secured the case history, I recommended a complete set of specific X-rays and six months' Chiropractic care. I knew this was a big order, but facts in the case seemed to justify no less. The husband made a proposition:

"Now, suppose I deposit that money in the bank; you start on the case; if at the end of the first month you have done her any good you get the money; if she isn't any better, then you don't get anything."

"How much have you spent on your wife already?" I asked.

"Pshaw! I was out over a thousand dollars in six months one time."

"And she still wasn't any better?"

"Worse, if any change!"

"What's the \$35.00 I'm asking you to put up to start with compared with a thousand dollars?"

"Oh, it ain't much as far as comparison is concerned, but we've tried so many things with no results that I've just decided that there will be some kind of guarantee before I put out another dollar."

"I'll guarantee you one thing," I assured him.

"What's that?"

"That I'll do the very best that I can, and we'll all hope for the best kind of results."

"All right, we've got to go out to my wife's sister's now, and we'll be back to see you later today."

That's the last I saw of the couple for six months. Then, one day in they came again.

"We've heard what good results my brother-in-law had under your care," the wife stated, "and I've come back to start taking adjustments."

* * *

I had explained to a lady school teacher how rheumatism is caused by a lack of proper nerve supply to the organs of elimination, producing an accumulation of poisons that shots and medicine can only relieve temporarily.

"Doctor, do you guarantee your work?" came the unfair and irritating question as reward for all my effort.

"No, I don't," I tried to answer in a non-offensive tone. "Did all the other doctors you have been to guarantee to cure you?"

"Oh, no, of course not."

"But you paid them just the same, and you still have your rheumatism!"

"Yes, that's right."

"Then, why expect a guarantee from any kind of doctor?"

"I see your point, but I've spent so much of my small salary on doctor bills without results that I wanted to be sure that I wasn't wasting any more money."

"Having taught school myself, I know the position you're in; I gave up teaching for the only other profession that I consider equal or superior to the teaching profession; bad health was the deciding factor."

"I don't doubt your sincerity and I've heard people speak highly of your work, and since Chiropractic is so good, why don't you make guarantees? A lot of the high standard products on the market are guaranteed, you know."

"That's a very interesting point, but do you know the difference between a manufactured product and a Chiropractic patient?"

"I'm not sure of what you mean."

"Simply this: The manufacturer has complete control of the making and selling of his product; the Chiropractor, because he deals with people, has no such control. The producer of goods makes a thorough analysis of every item that goes into the finished product; the Chiropractor has nothing to do with the making of the unfortunate sick man who comes to him. The man who makes a guaranteed commercial article for sale keeps tab on every article, examining it to be absolutely certain that it meets his high standards before offering it to the consumer. The Chiropractor, as a rule, has no such control. The average patient wants to take a few adjustments without complete analysis just 'to see if there is anything to it'. Too, since a majority do get better sooner and faster than under other types of health service, the patient is soon climbing stairways to gather up the eggs, carrying in big sticks of wood, lifting the baby, going 'possum hunting, maybe attending dances and staying up late at night, or worse yet, taking some kind of medicine—'what the doctor doesn't know won't hurt him,' the patient

thinks. He gets worse, says 'damn that Chiropractor,' and asks for his money back. So you see, Mrs. , there's a difference in a patient and a sack of flour."

* * *

A satisfied patient sent his rheumatic neighbors to me. One of them, a carpenter who had suffered with rheumatism for fifteen years, asked, "If I take a monthly health service, will you guarantee to cure me?"

"What got this notion of 'guarantee' in the heads of folks around here?" I asked in what was very likely an unpleasant tone of voice.

"There used to be a Chiropractor at Waco who would guarantee anybody a cure."

"And I bet he didn't stay there six months."

"Well, he wasn't there very long; took to drinking and not being on the job and folks just quit going to him."

"That's the kind who usually put out this 'guarantee' stuff, here today and gone tomorrow."

"Yes, but there's another fellow over our way that just 'took it up' by watching Dr. ———; he hasn't been to school, but he says 'five dollars for five treatments—they do you good or your money back'."

"Mr. , real professional men don't run their business on a gambling basis. I spent my good time and money to finish at the best Chiropractic school in the country, the Palmer School of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa. I think the results two of your neighbors got in my office is proof that I can deliver the goods. Now if I do a day's plowing for you I expect my pay, and you don't expect to wait until you see whether or not you make a bale of cotton to the acre. But that's exactly what you are asking of me. I consider my services too valuable to gamble on or give away."

With a promise to come back to see me (which he hasn't done yet) he left the office. Later, his one-time rheumatic

neighbor told me that he was trying to save money to start a month's health service.

* * *

I was surprised to receive a call one day to see a recently married young fellow's wife. Though his brother and father had received excellent results, neither this young man or his new wife believed in Chiropractic, I had been informed.

"Female trouble," the nice young fellow told me upon arriving. "She's been like this two days now; we hope you can do her some good."

"What makes you think that adjustments will help?" I asked.

"We've tried everything else without results, so we won't be surprised if this don't do any good either."

There was an honest and refreshing answer. I laughed and began checking the patient's spine. Locating the place of nerve interference, I paused and inquired as to case history. 'Two years' standing with days in bed at each period,' I was informed. I arranged my bed-side adjusting headpiece and gave an atlas adjustment. Rechecking, I found the reading much better. The young husband paid me and requested me to come back next day. I went back the next afternoon and found the young woman sitting by the fire, churning.

* * *

People appreciate what they pay for. My best friends and boosters, as a rule, are the ones who pay for a monthly health service in advance—they are the ones who cooperate! The insignificant few who are uncomplimentary, as a rule, owe a bill or have attempted to get something for nothing. The patient calls a doctor when he can't help himself; he is obligated for the doctor's honest effort. Ask the knocker how much he owes his doctor. Often, he is biting the hand that cured him.

A number of my friends and relatives have probably wondered why I didn't offer my professional services when they told me their symptoms since I have been practicing Chiro-

practic. If they had known why I took up my present profession they wouldn't have made such senseless remarks as, "I wish Clyde had made a medical doctor. . . . So many of his school-mates are making such good names for themselves I wish he had decided on something the public takes to more. . . . We always had such a good opinion of him; we thought he had more sense than to take up such foolishness. . . . I think I'll get Clyde to give me a rubbing when he gets out of school. . . ."

That's why I didn't ask anyone's opinion about Chiropractic and advice about taking it up. A high school principal doesn't ask kids in the first grade about how he should run the school. But it is his duty to do everything he can to educate those youngsters. I consider it my duty to let my friends and relatives who say "I don't know the first thing about Chiropractic" know what it's all about. For those who think they know, but don't, I have double duty; first, get wrong impressions out of their heads; second, get the facts into their heads—.

Some of you will, sooner or later, try Chiropractic. May I make this comparison, with apologies. The blacksmith can't take a rusty, warped, half-burned piece of iron and make a nice durable steel product out of it. However, if there is anybody who can make something useful out of scrap metal, it is the blacksmith. The Chiropractor cannot make you sixteen again, but if anyone can help that chronic old complaint of yours and make life more pleasant, it's your Chiropractor.

If your Chiropractor doesn't help you, it will be for one of two reasons—either your fault or the Chiropractor's fault. If it's yours, it is because you didn't start adjustments in time or follow instructions after you started. If it's the doctor's fault, it will be because he either didn't demand your cooperation or make the correct analysis of your case. It is never that "there isn't anything to it" because the principle is one hundred per cent right. If it doesn't work, it's because either the Chiropractor didn't work the principle or that the patient didn't give it a chance to work. The Chiropractor merely applies an unchanging law of physics, and it is only when a body is beyond the

state of repair that the Law of Life within every human body does not manifest itself. Because cases of this kind are so few, Dr. H. C. Chance of the Palmer School of Chiropractor has given this rule for adjusting:

“Don’t adjust before birth or after death.”

* *

While eating dinner with a well-known business man of Russellville one day we were discussing Chiropractic.

“You fellows must have a swell line of salesmanship,” my friend across the table suggested.

“We do,” I agreed with him, “and it’s because we really have SOMETHING to sell.”

“Perhaps that accounts for every Chiropractic patient I ever heard talk about his doctor boost him to the skies and stick by him through thick and thin.”

Take notice and see how true this man’s observations are. Chiropractic patients who have really gotten results and have the working principle in mind have something more than a “faith” or “belief.” They have a *knowledge* that the world can’t disprove—they KNOW!

That, too, is why Chiropractors are so positive. They *know* they are working with the Law of Life—not against it! That’s why we insist (in spite of your being pronounced “incurable”) that, “Where there’s life there’s hope”! That’s your guarantee!

“Don’t give up the ship!”

In many otherwise hopeless cases, “Chiropractic adds Life to Years and Years to Life!”

"faith" or "belief." They have a *knowledge* that the world can't disprove—they KNOW!

P. S.

Did you ever try to think of a word or name, could almost know what it was, but couldn't say exactly what you wanted fo? Then, later suddenly you had it!.

It was like that when I wrote this chapter, "What,s your Guarantee?." It seemed that Sell or Selling was the word, but somehow it didn't fit.

Later, I knew that Service was IT. When you see the words " Sell Salesmanship, orSelling," in my writings, please remember that the meaning has changed from "Selling for a price" to "Service according to Needs."

CRAB APPLES

EVERY HEALING SCIENCE THAT HAS lived and progressed through the years has its merits and its place or it would not continue to live. The public is entitled to the best—and should receive only the best—that every healing profession has to offer.

Since we live in a democracy, every citizen has the right to select the doctor of his choice. But all citizens must have all facts about all doctors, and be acquainted with their working principles, to make an intelligent choice.

Thomas Jefferson, who did so much to secure the blessings of liberty, fraternity, and equality in America said that the people were always right. He was assuming that in free America the people would always have the opportunity of getting all the facts about any point in question. This, of course, would always tend to promote clear thinking and right acting. Unfortunately, the beautiful democratic ideal of Jefferson has too often been warped by bribery, deceit, and deliberate prevention of facts getting into the minds of the voters. The results: The public is led to a wrong conclusion because all facts were not available or were misrepresented.

Too often has this been true with narrow-minded members of every healing profession. To best serve the public, to be honest and scientifically progressive, each healing science must lay aside its outworn theories and practices, recognize the merits of others, and strive for a common ideal—*removing the cause of disease!*

Sadly true, there are unprofessional people in all professions. However, one preacher's immoral living does not condemn the ministry. An occasional soured-on-the-world school teacher does not prevent the teaching profession from being one of the most honorable. A few dishonest merchants do not prove that the business world is bankrupt in character. The movie-going public does not boycott all pictures because of one bad

film. A bad actor is not allowed to reappear in the stage to ruin an otherwise good performance. One disreputable member of any healing profession is not enough to judge the whole profession by.

A crab apple is sour, but all apples are not sour!

The individual knocker who ridicules unjustly and condemns without investigation does so because he is unethical, ignorant of important facts, and is not scientifically minded. Often, a person of this type is endeavoring to cover up his own inability or is trying to prevent the public's learning the value of something else.

Remember, such an undesirable person is very likely a crab apple!

The most intelligent and progressive doctors do not condemn those of other schools of thought. They have substituted investigation for condemnation. They may, and should, pass constructive criticism. A wise doctor is always anxious to learn. He knows that the last word has not been said in making our world a healthier and happier place in which to live. The conceited know-all often closes his mind to obvious facts and logical reasoning. If a given condition isn't as he thinks, then he says it is wrong, regardless of proof to the contrary.

Fortunately, beliefs and opinions do not change facts!

The incompetent doctor makes excuses for his failures; the progressive doctor uses his valuable time in solving the cause of his mistakes. Anyone can condemn, cut throats, or slash prices. It takes brains, time, and work to develop a SUPERIOR method of HEALTH SERVICE!

WHICH WAY FROM HERE?

“THE BOBBING RED LIGHTS ARE ON fishermen’s boats down there,” the tall night-watchman at Wilson Dam answered my question.

I leaned on my elbows against the guard rail, watching the dimly reflected lights move slowly across the Tennessee River. From Wilson Lake above, covering Muscle Shoals, came a refreshing July breeze.

“And the bright glow you see against the sky to the south is from the nitrate plant. There’s two of them here, and the government has reopened one to make ammunition,” the friendly watchman informed me. “A few weeks from now this place will probably be heavily guarded.”

“Is that why the talk of freeing the toll bridge down the river,” I asked, “to keep traffic off Uncle Sam’s war project here?”

“Wouldn’t be surprised if there isn’t some truth in that, pardner, because there’s going to be a stream of traffic around the Tri-cities if we get the aluminum plant in Sheffield in addition to the other developments under way.”

“Where does Tuscumbia and Florence cash in on this defense program?” I wanted to know.

“They’ll get all the business,” he laughed, straightening up from his leaning position. “Guess I better step over toward the north end; going that way?”

“No, thank you. I just walked down here while waiting on a ride back to Russellville with a pal of mine; thought maybe I’d see that cousin who works in the power house.”

“Sorry you can’t see Mac, but you know how strict they’re getting—see you later.”

“Sure; so long!”

* * *

Late that night as I undressed for bed, I could hear the steam shovel as it puffed its way into the rich ore mines just

east of Russellville. "The extra shift," I reflected, "to supply the demand for more iron for the defense program, and perhaps more aid to England. 'In time of war prepare for peace,' President Roosevelt has told us."

War! I shuddered at the thought!

Wondering about the safety of friends across the Atlantic, I dropped into a troubled sleep.

* * *

"War is hell!" said General Sherman during the War Between the States.

"And he hadn't seen anything yet," another person said, speaking of modern warfare.

"We learn nothing from history except that we learn nothing from history," a pessimistic historian has said.

Is that why greed-motivated dictators rise to power? Is that why youthful armies substitute national emotions and destructive motion for straight-line thinking and constructive action? Is that why intelligence is hanged and conscience is choked? Is that why wholesale invasions are made against an unprepared resistance? Is that the cause of homeless mothers and war-orphaned babies? Is that why the death groans of soldiers seem but echoes from battlefields that ran red with blood of their ancestors? Has human intelligence been wasted in war to the extent that the brain power of the nations knows no better than to commit international suicide?

We in Russellville have no quarrel with our neighbor towns of Haleyville, Moulton, Red Bay, and the Tri-cities. The things that help one county helps every other county in the state. In Alabama we profit by the prosperity of Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, and Mississippi. The North and South mutually benefit by the bounties of the other. As cities, counties, and states profit by the good fortune of the others, likewise do the nations.

The young soldier of Germany, under normal conditions, would have nothing against the Tommies of England. Peace-

loving Italians have naught against Greek mountaineers whom they first meet on the battlefield. Only revived teaching of hatred causes strife between the French peasant and German farmer. Upon immigration to America, the Danes, Swedes, French, Norwegians, Germans, Russians, English, Irish, and Southern Europeans get along splendidly as neighbors. Canadians and Americans can scarcely be told apart. Why can't this be true of all nationalities?

If "we learn nothing from history except that we learn nothing from history," why don't we learn anything? Four outstanding reasons immediately present themselves: (1) because we learn so many things that aren't so; (2) we live too much by sentiment, rather than by sense; (3) we fail to face all the facts; (4) nations do not make honesty the only policy.

There are no factors in favor of war. In the last analysis, every scrap of historical evidence is against it. No one really wins. War settles nothing, maladjusts everything. It promotes all things destructive and retards everything constructive. Seemingly, the world learns nothing and forgets nothing.

For centuries, treaties of peace have been but agreements of truce, like the resting of two tired fighting roosters holding each other as they pause for breath, waiting for a chance to strike again. In this respect, history has sadly repeated itself. Victor and vanquished have solemnly signed agreements of peace, only to violate their oaths within a few short years.

Such were the reactions of England and France during their Hundred Years' War. All Europe turned upon the winning Napoleon, defeating his armies at the Battle of Waterloo, 1815. France still has shuddering memories of Bismarck and his policy of "blood and iron." The regaining of Alsace-Lorraine in 1918 was but a sympathetic move of the Allies to avenge the German defeat of France in 1871. Germany's occupation of France and fight against England and Russia today is an action to regain her prestige and economic position which she lost by the treaty of the World War. Thus, smoldering sparks of revenge burst into short-time victory of ques-

tionable glory, only to take national turns at squirming in the dying embers of defeat.

Nations victorious on the battlefield have attempted to make treaties sure and severe. Whether just or unjust, dictated terms have always met with reactions. The present upheaval in Europe is a present pathetic example. Germany feels fully justified in the present war. She was forced to accept full blame for the last great conflict and made to sign on the dotted line. For a few years under Hindenberg she struggled along with the world's heel grinding in her face. One of the world's great soldiers passed on and a soldier of fortune wormed his way to control. Hitler pointed to the pages of history to prove the taking ways of the nations. Eagerly, willingly, German youth listened. Surely Germany had given enough, now it was her time to take. Secretly she began to prepare. Silently, scientifically, and securely German youth rearmed and trained. First, bits of territory here and there, then the smaller nations. The new lightning military machine worked only too well. No doubt of its efficiency to "take." Then, after a lull that kept the world guessing, it struck again with a vengeance that shocked the earth. Hinged around the philosophy of a new order that does not exist, the brave and gifted German people swing out on an illusive mission—a false dream of dominating the world.

Germany must accept her part of the blame for wars, past and present, but it has been a guilty world that has been pointing the finger of scorn. There is no reason for astonishment at Germany's scrapping the Treaty of Versailles. In reality, it has been violated by every Allied Power since the day it was signed. The World War Allies disarmed Germany with the solemn agreement that they would do likewise. They didn't. England, France, and all the other debtor nations, except brave little Finland, stopped paying their just war debts to the United States, but they continued building armies and navies on out-of-date styles. The hesitant, reluctant economic boycott by the League of Nations was the "go" signal to Mussolini in his

Ethiopian campaign. Major members of the League turned a deaf ear to the dejected and dethroned Haile Selassie as he reminded them of their oaths and obligations and mournfully pleaded for recovery of his stolen kingdom. No help for a black brother, but millions in men and money to defend the Suez Canal! Their advice then was "put your trust in God," and now it's "keep your powder dry."

* * *

War has been glorified. School boys read stories and see pictures of military heroism. They listen to the arguments of "protection, preservation, fighting instinct, and defense." Girls grow up with admiring eyes for brass buttons and smartly tailored uniforms. Both male and female hearts quicken at drum beats, war songs, and bugle calls.

An emergency arises—the nation is called to arms. Innocently, ignorantly, patriotically, and bravely, country lads and city youths rally 'round a mixed-colored flag. With minds distorted with propaganda and starved for facts from a censored press, the rugged youthful manhood of the nation leaves its peaceful home to begin an army life of strict discipline. Fathers silently return to work, mothers weepingly go about their tasks, youthful armies march, and the world ceases to think sanely.

At the bark of commands, the flower of manhood obediently moves toward the enemy lines. Here limbs are blown off, lungs eaten out with burning gas, bodies riddled with machine gun bullets, heads shattered with rifle fire, and hearts pierced with cannon balls. Pilots plunge to a flaming death and sailors sink in a watery grave.

Militarism has been regarded as a great scientific achievement, admired, respected, yet feared. Now, it has burst all bonds. There is no definite battle front. All rules of war are ignored. International law is violated. The school child of London or Berlin with his history book is in as much danger as the soldier with a gun. Cave-like bomb shelters would indicate that history is in reverse. The roaring war dragons of the sky

take their toll, pass on, only to return day after day. The peace efforts of the late Mr. Chamberlain seem but half-forgotten whispers amid the explosions of bombs and bursting of anti-aircraft fire.

* * *

The American ex-service man thoughtfully reads the news. He has aged beyond his years. The halo of wartime glory has worn from his head—this one-time model man-of-arms. No longer is he a defender of national divine rights, but just another citizen. He resents the town talk about his drinking in an effort to forget the horrid memories of war. He dislikes references to his loafing (didn't he find someone else at his job when he returned from service?).

How he deplores the munitions millionaire who remained safely at home while he saved nothing risking his life at one dollar a day. He knows that "Life Does Not Begin at Forty" for he who carries war-inflicted physical and mental scars. He wonders if the slow-healing wounds of emotions will ever heal. He, as probably no other, knows how and why national morals sink in wartime. He can understand why the French soldiers are called "frogs" and are twenty pounds lighter than soldiers of Napoleon's army. He cries out against the veterans' hospital not being able to do anything for his shell-shocked nerves. And why they do not rescue his comrades-in-arms who are hopelessly insane?

He turns the page, notes the taxes, and shakes his head, thinking, no doubt, "the innocent must pay!"

Though war wings death to millions, disease is many times worse. The two are twin companions, each adding misery to the ruthless work of the other. With these two enemies of mankind threatening even isolated America, isn't the world ready for a specific means of eliminating both?

Keeping an ambulance in the valley below will not erect a fence of prevention around the mountain-side pitfall above.

What could produce more mechanical defects in the human body than the terrific shocks of war? What could be more brain-

shocking and nerve-wrecking than deafening blasts and the sobbing calls of the dying? Bodies of civilian, soldier, and sailor are taxed to the breaking point with overwork, needed rest, anxiety, and terror.

Then, in the hour of trial, comes an interference with the brain's orders to its defense centers. This could happen momentarily by nervous shock, but every town presents its World War veteran who has some permanent disorder ascribed to shell-shock or other abnormality acquired in military service. Not only do physical and nervous disorders flourish from war-acquired causes, but contagious diseases as well. But why do they? Hasn't medical science perfected a vaccine or serum to prevent or cure all the contagious disorders? Well, true, a lot of experimenting has been done. Every man in the service is pumped full of the "preventives," but somehow, they don't work during wartime! Dr. A. B. Hender, M.D., D.C., Ph.C., tells why:

"I was called as an expert witness to testify in behalf of a Chiropractor who was being tried in court in Canada. I was asked if Chiropractic adjustments were good for various body disorders, including contagious diseases. I declared that they were. Upon being asked to explain why, I had to advance what was at that time a theory of my own, not being advocated by either Medicine or Chiropractic. I theorized, stating it as a fact on the witness stand, that if the defense centers of the body were not getting a sufficient nerve supply that the fight against invading germs would not be strong enough to keep them from getting a foothold and setting up symptoms of disease."

Dr. Hender paused in his diagnosis lecture. The room was perfectly quiet. Every student was leaning forward to get his next words. To me, and I'm sure it was to the others, this was indeed new light on the "germ" diseases. Dr. Hender continued:

"If the lymphoid tissues throughout the body and the bone marrow cannot get their proper orders from the brain to organize

and send out more body soldiers, that is, white blood cells that destroy harmful bacteria, then the enemy germs march in without much resistance."

Again Dr. Hender paused, this time to comment of the reaction of his testimony.

"Of course the medical doctors of the opposition had not heard of anything like my declarations before. It took them completely by surprise. When they protested that they had not studied anything of the kind in their medical course, I suggested that it was because they needed to brush up on the latest research work. Then, I explained how Chiropractic adjustments entered into the picture. By accidents, shock, etc., I reasoned that the human spine could get out of position and pinch the nerves, thereby interfering with messages to any or all parts of the body and that by adjusting the vertebra, the interference was removed. That being done, I told them, the body's forces could be rallied quickly and make the disease far less dangerous.

"What I advanced then had never been published, but since my testimony it has been taken out of the realm of theory and published as scientific fact. It is not only sound Chiropractic philosophy, but is generally accepted by the brains of the healing sciences."

The evidence offered by Dr. Hender not only answers the question of contagious diseases in wartime but tells what we've wondered about at the bedside and thought about in every-day life. Your doctor has probably told you that Johnny did not take a cold, typhoid fever, or chicken pox when Sally and Bill had them because his resistance was strong enough to make him immune. Funny, isn't it, how children of the same family live together, eat together, and are all exposed to the same germs, yet all of them do not take contagious diseases. Too, they all had the same cold shots, fever shots, and vaccinations. There's something off color somewhere. And, say, those same things didn't work for the soldier boys either. Dr. Hender's really got something there!

In the rough and tumble of childhood days, Johnny took all the bumps and wrecks without severe injury to his spine and nerves. His brother and sister were not so lucky. But Johnny's time came when he got in the war. No human spine could stay in good condition absorbing shocks that blow up battleships and dig holes in the earth in a split second. He's lucky to get out alive. No wonder he dislikes to talk about this hellish thing called war. No wonder he is left in such a physical and nervous condition that he is subject to every disease that comes along.

Invading disease germs "parachute" to an easy landing, find the defense run down and disorganized. They encamp and soon take command. Weakened and dead tissues are ideal picnic grounds for the invaders. The body's defenders, white blood cells and friendly "house-cleaning" germs, find themselves working at a hopeless task. Orders from headquarters fail to click. Defense centers are paralyzed. Expected reinforcements do not arrive. Still the fight is kept up and the patient lingers on. Homes and hospitals become crowded with these human battle-sites. The sick and dying multiply, and the death angel is kept busy handing out premature passports to the "country beyond."

* * *

Now that we know the cause of war and disease, what can we do about it? Reverse the condition that produced the cause.

We could take the money spent in just one day by the world at war and do much toward adjusting the cause. We could establish an international educational program for the young people that would leave out all undue sentiment, propaganda, and lies. This would save the time, money, and efforts of wrangling diplomats and train young statesmen to understand the problems of other nations. We would have an international brotherhood instead of international conflicts. Only when we have all the facts can this really be an honest world. Only then will the educated mind cease to be mis-educated and work in harmony with the great intelligence that runs the universe and gives ease to the human body and mind.

No wonder peace pacts result in a fools' paradise. Prepared under the most unfavorable conditions, they carry marks of the time. Troubled brains and throbbing hearts are intensified by body imperfections and war-shocked nerves. All too often injury calls for insult and brilliant minds are further dulled by the "best" alcoholic beverages. In this unfit condition, the victors slash the map, placing boundary lines on the shifting sands of diplomacy and time. Beautiful ideals, such as Wilson's fourteen points, float out the window in a thinning fog of nicotine and blend in the dying smoke of battle.

Thus, the world time and again has been at the crossroads—at the horns of a dilemma—and failed to choose wisely. But now the paths are marked plainly—there is no reason for error. We can forget mistakes of the past, but they are too costly to repeat. May it not be said of national leaders of the future, "They learn nothing and forget nothing." "War," it has been said, "is a monument to human dumbness." Let's cut up that monument into stepping stones to an intelligent peace, then no longer will it be true that "We learn nothing from history except that we learn nothing from history."

One thing yet remains—the primary cause of disease is the primary cause of war. When the body is sick so is the mind, yet mental disorders may be a thing apart. War and disease are but the ill expressions of good intentions, with which hell is said to be paved. Both can be eliminated by correcting the cause. With the minds of statesmen working clearly and logically, they will think only in constructive terms. Give the minds and bodies of all citizens ease, facts, and security and social and economic evils will disappear. Professional men and women will live abundantly. Workers will not need pep talks to keep them at their jobs and starvation wages. The farmer will truly be the backbone of an industrial world. All children will be well-born, learn well and live well. Nations will live "all for one and one for all." Thoughtful time and energy will be spent in peaceful advancing in a world that knows not disease, invasion, or retreat!

“HERE WE REST”

A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO my older sister and I were chopping cotton one warm afternoon in May. Upon coming to a cool shady spot under a tree, we sat down to take it easy for a while. Soon a neighbor passed by and called to us.

“What you kids doing there?” he greeted us cheerfully.

“Resting,” I replied, “don’t you like it?”

“How can you rest when you aren’t tired?” he wanted to know.

Our neighbor has probably never thought of that incident again, but it has stuck in my memory. He implied that we were not tired because we were not working, and, truthfully, had not been working very long before sitting down. We got up and again started hoeing the grassy cotton.

After that incident I did not sit down in every inviting place in the field. I did not loaf around waiting for the dinner bell to ring. I found that dinner time came more quickly or that the sun went down sooner when I stayed with my work. I looked over the job, made up my mind as to how much I could do in a half-day and raced against time to reach the goal. I found that instead of being behind with my part of the work that I could often “catch up” by Saturday noon. And, better still, I could rest both mentally and physically Saturday afternoon at the “wash hole” with the neighbor boys because there were no unfinished rows to hoe.

The Irish wit (or half-wit) when asked what he did with his week-ends replied, “I put my hat on one and sit on the other.” We can’t grow strong mentally by just placing a hat on our thinking terminal or keep our bodies strong by “just sitting around.” Rest indicates a period of repair, a building-up process to make stronger than ever. Loafing makes for degeneration, a weaker state than before. Memory is sometimes

mistaken for thinking. Loafing is too often considered as resting; it implies that unthrifty "the-devil-may-care" attitude.

How many times have you heard or made the statement, "I know I should, but I just keep putting it off"? That's the loafing idea. That's the line of least resistance, the going-down period—not the resting, re-building time! Yet, how often all of us have put something off to our sorrow. This unhealthful and unfruitful state of mind is well expressed by an unknown author in the following run-together words and lines:

MORE SENSE THAN POETRY

*My friend have you heard of the Town of Yawn
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse
In the province of Letterslide;
That the Tired Feeling is native there—
It's the home of listless Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.
The Putitoffs never make up their minds,
Intending to do it tomorrow;
And so they delay from day to day,
Till business dwindles and profits decay,
And their days are full of sorrow.*

Last spring was the time to prepare and plant a crop. That's why the farmer didn't wait until this fall.

My next-door neighbor tells me what a jam she gets in and what a headache and backache she has if she puts the family washing off just one week.

One of my college friends was in a car wreck that left him a physical and nervous wreck. Though he respected my opinion, he kept putting off consulting the only doctor in town who knew how to locate and correct his trouble. He was brilliant in many respects, but even his college education had not taught him to investigate without condemning. The price: Today he sleeps

in a premature grave and the world has lost the services of an idealistic, intelligent young man.

Today, I'm still paying the price of putting-it-off—valuable time lost from school work during months of suffering, and marks of age beyond my years. You need not do that! As Popeye says, "There's no time like the present."

I have a young lawyer friend who says that success depends to a great extent on luck. For some people that is probably true. For me it isn't. All I've ever had I worked for. I've never depended upon political, social, or institutional pull. I've counted on "push." To me, "Luck is the twin brother of Pluck." I found that true in childhood, in high school days, in selling books, in college days. Hard work, mental and physical, has won me many friends in many states. Those friends are the only ones who are really worth while. They stick to me in the pinches. Anyone who doesn't do that isn't a friend. They are like me; they got what they have by honest labor. That's why I like them. The following poem published by the Southwestern Company of Nashville, Tenn., in the summer of 1929 sums up the idea of

SUCCESS

*'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle
To throw all his chances away.*

*There is little in life but labor.
Tomorrow may prove but a dream;
Success is the bride of Endeavor,
And luck but a Meteor's gleam.*

*The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire—
The battle is fought in the home stretch,
And won 'twixt the flag and the wire.*

With Shakespeare I say:

*"This above all.—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

